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HAND AND MIND is a Quarterly Magazine published for and by the pupils of the McKinley Manual Training School and its alumni.

Literary contributions are solicited from all, both pupils and alumni. All matter should be written in ink, on one side of the paper only, and put in the box.

All business communications should be addressed to W. G. Thrall, McKinley Manual Training School, Washington, D. C.

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VOL. 6

WASHINGTON, D. C., APRIL, 1908

No. 3

The recent manual training exhibition was a great success, and we hope did much to convince the general public that we learn other things here than how to drive nails or wash dishes.

All are pleased with the progress made on the new building, and the undergraduates undoubtedly look forward with glad anticipation to a lessening of the congestion which at present proves such an obstacle to satisfactory school work. The assembly hall, and improved apparatus in shops and laboratories will undoubtedly prove of great value. But until Congress sees fit to provide for our further expansion, a considerable number of the pupils of the McKinley Manual Training School will probably be obliged, as of old, to work in our condemned dwelling on O street, and in our former feed store and saloon across the way.

If we are to uphold, with honor, the reputation of dear old Tech this Spring, one element will be absolutely necessary; namely, a general, never-say-die, school spirit. We have four excellent cadet companies. We have a good fighting chance to win the Spring Meet. Although our baseball team has recently suffered a severe loss, our prospects for the championship are still the brightest. *But*, without the hearty co-operation and encouragement of the entire school, the coveted victories may well go elsewhere. If you are not a participant, you can at least be an earnest and consistent "rooter" for Tech at any and all times.

We wish to thank Mr. Adams most heartily for his kind encouragement and material assistance in our recent labors.

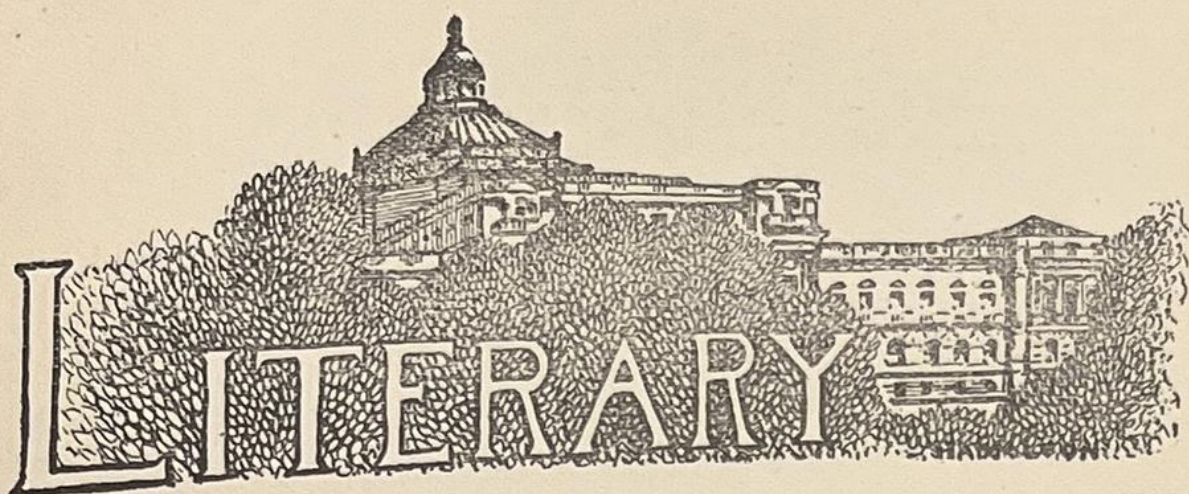
Special Notice.

We plan to make the last issue of the "Hand and Mind" a sort of year-book, and to that end desire the hearty co-operation of the whole student body. Not only do we need appropriate articles, but we are also desirous of obtaining half-tone cuts of the various school organizations, sections and classes. (For further information regarding cuts, etc., apply to either Manager Thrall or Safford.) Let us all combine to make this last issue both a present success and something which in later life will be invaluable for the sake of "Auld Lang Syne."

Notice.**PRIZE POEM!**

Five dollars will be paid for the best poem (written under the following conditions), which is placed in the "Hand and Mind" box before May 15, 1908.

The poem must be typewritten. The writer's pseudonym must be on the typewritten copy. The poem must be accompanied by an envelope containing the writer's pseudonym and true name.

**The Slip.**

(With apologies to Mr. Wm. Shakespeare and Hamlet.)

To skip, or not to skip: that is the question;
 Whether 'tis bolder in the mind to suffer
 The tasks and bonds of higher education,
 Or to take wings against this institution,
 And, as supposing, end them. To skip, to fly;
 Once more; and by a run to say we end
 The brain-work and the million unnatural knocks,
 That schools adhere to, 'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished. To skip; to slip;
 To slip; perchance to slip, aye, there's the rub,
 For in that slip of joy what slips may come,
 (When he have scuffled off this school-yard soil)
 To Father dear! There's the retrospect
 That makes such blunders of so long life;
 For who would bear the quips and scorn of daily work,
 The views of Addison, and arguments on Dante's birth—
 The pangs of despised lore, the cause today:
 The incidents of French, the awful burns
 That some fond teachers to the pupil make,
 When he himself might his absence make
 In one brief time? Who would always bear
 To grunt and chafe under constant strife,
 But that the Dread of Something in the mail,
 The slip that's slipped for that sole silly slip,
 And makes us rather bear those tasks we have,
 Than fly to others that we *do* know of.
 Thus the august Doctor doth make cowards
 Of us all. Soft you now!
 The fair Teacher! Nemesis, in thy accounts,
 Be all my sins forgotten.

An Epitaph.

The school-bell tolls the knell of parting-days,
 When all our class (once Freshmen small)
 Shall meet—shall part—
 Shall say farewell
 To that dear school—Our *Technical*.

How often here we've labored long,
 And found at length, when all was done,
 A satisfactory mark was won
 In honor of dad's "toiling son,"
 By virtue of hard work—not fun.

Yet, when at last from here we'll go
 And in the world our worth we'll show,
 Fond mem'ry to our minds will bring
 The thoughts of four long helpful years,
 None spent in sorrow—none in tears.

Come, give three cheers; I'll lead the way,
 Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!
 For yell we must while yell we may;
 Tomorrow we'll be men, and then
 Our fun shall cease, our toil begin.
 Here lies our class, molest it not,
 This class of nineteen-hundred-eight;
 From it shall rise—your pardon, Fate—
 A mighty man—none great as he—
 A master-mind— {just wait and see.
 {It might be Me.

R. L. KRAUSE, B4.

The Piano.

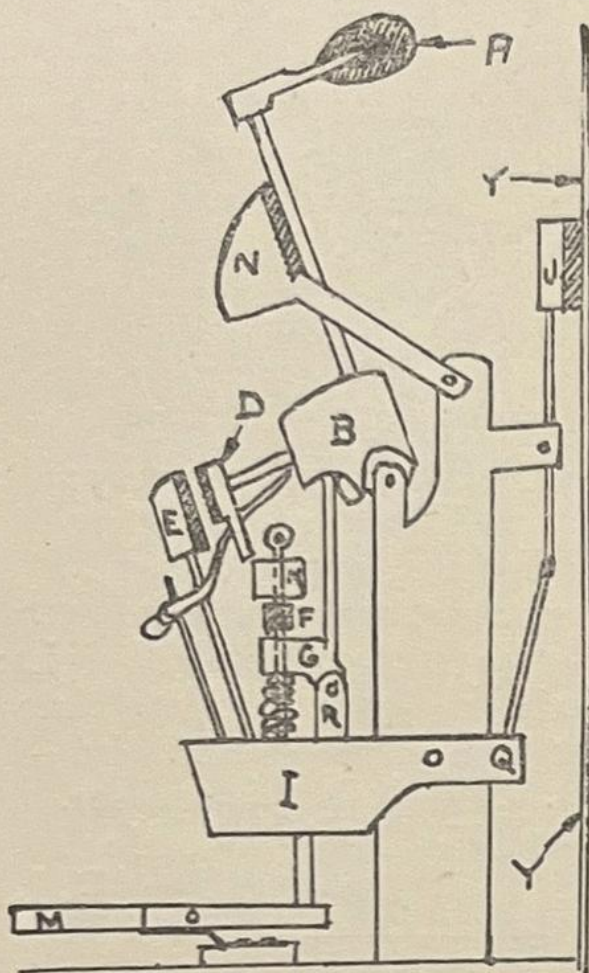
The piano is a musical instrument played with a double row of keys upon a fingerboard, each key being connected with a hammer which strikes a steel string.

The principle of the key board was applied to a musical instrument, the clairchord, as early as the fourth century, and other instruments of the same class, as the cithara, the harpsichord, and the spinet, were popular down to the eighteenth century. The first piano-forte was invented by Bartolommeo Cristofori, at Padua, Italy, in 1710. The first grand piano was made in 1781, the upright in 1795. The only difference between these two pianos is in the form. In the form of the grand piano the strings were placed hori-

zontally and parallel to the keys, while in the upright they run perpendicular to the keys.

The square piano is seldom used now, as it occupies too much space. A grand piano will not get out of tune as soon as an upright.

In the accompanying diagram I show the construction of one of the keys with the apparatus attached to it. When M is pressed down, lever I is forced up. This raises Q, which brings J away from the spring Y, against which it is resting. While I is taking J off the string Y, it at the same time makes A strike the string. To do this, R is pushed up,



which in turn pushes G C up against B. In order to keep A from striking too hard the arrangement K and F is put in to take up the force of the blow. At the same time E raises and catches D, holds it a short distance from the string as long as the finger remains on the key. The strap X draws back the hammer and holds it against E. Usually, when a note has been struck J goes back immediately on the string, stopping the vibration of the spring, but when the loud pedal is on J is held away and the string will vibrate for some time. In order to soften the tone of the piano a piece of felt is lowered over the strings by pressing a pedal.

April 10, 1908.

R. K. GALBRAITH.

HAND AND MIND

Picture Making.

In taking up the subject of photography with the intention of giving it but a few minutes, it is necessary either to select some smaller portion of the art and give it our whole attention, consequently going into the very interesting detail, or of taking a more general view of the subject, which, in all probability, will be more to our purpose to-day.

To begin with, we have a camera or kodak, and as the camera differs from the kodak only in its being more thoroughly under the operator's control, we will consider it. The chief parts are the lens, the shutter, and the plate or film. The lens, like the double convex lens we have studied, is capable of throwing an image, its use being to throw an image on the plate or film. It may be composed of one, two, three or more concave and convex lenses, always so arranged as to produce the effect of a convex or converging lens. The number of pieces, their relative positions, shapes, and qualities of glass are to rectify the defects we found, also some we did not find, in the lenses with which we worked. The use of this complex lens is to make the image straight rather than curved; to prevent a stigmatism; to cause all colors to focus at one point, or, as Mr. Adams might say, "to eliminate chromatic aberration;" and others.

The shutter is merely a slide in front of the lens arranged so as to be quickly withdrawn and replaced, letting in and shutting out the light; it is operated by a mechanical device too complicated to describe here.

The plate is a plain piece of glass covered with a coat of gelatine and chemicals in which compounds of silver take a prominent part, making the coating very sensitive to light. The film differs chiefly in being flexible, the coating having been put on a sheet of celluloid instead of the glass.

To make an exposure, a partly transparent screen, or "ground glass," is placed in the rear of the camera, which excludes all light, except that which comes through the lens; the shutter is opened to admit the light, and the lens adjusted forward or backward (this is called focusing) until the image is sharp; then the shutter is closed, the ground glass replaced by a plate held in a light-proof plate holder, a slide removed from before the plate, the shutter opened, and left so, for a time varying from one to one-hundredth of a second up, then closed and the slide is replaced before the plate, which now, though perfectly white or pink, as before the exposure, contains an impression of the image, the bringing out of

which is called developing, a very important feature in picture making.

Developing an exposed plate must be carried on in a room where all actinic white light is excluded, and only ruby rays, produced by a lamp and red screen generally, are permitted to fall on the plate to enable the worker to see what he is doing. The plate is placed in a tray of one, or possibly a combination of two or more, of the many developing agents, each of which has its characteristic qualities, though one and all will gradually cause the image to show up on the white plate, not black and white in their proper places, but reversed, or the negative of the original object.

The next place for the plate, now called the negative, is in the "hypo," or fixing bath, which renders it non-sensitive to light, and clears up the whites. Then, after a series of washings and drying the negative is ready for printing; that is, producing by means of the negative a reproduction of the image in correct order of blacks and whites. A sheet of sensitized paper is placed beneath the negative in a frame, and the whole is left in the sunlight until sufficient light has penetrated through the more transparent portions of the negative and darkened the paper beneath, while the more dense parts have protected their portions of the paper, thus giving black where white or transparency was, and white where black was in the negative. The print is then toned in a chemical bath, which protects it against further action of the light, and renders it a finished photograph, ready for exhibition.

H. H. MURRAY and L. BALTZLEY.

March, 1905.

School Spirit.

I can think of no better definition of the proper school spirit than the one implied in our principal's words, "So conduct yourselves that, should every pupil in the school conduct himself likewise, the work of the school would be faithfully carried out and the school would flourish and grow. That is, school spirit is but another phase of the famous old 'square deal.' Give to the school what the school deserves in payment for what it gives to you, that is, give it your earnest and full support in all of its various branches and give freely and to the greatest extent of which you are capable, and you will be amply repaid in that you receive your education as well as thoughts and impressions which will remain dear to you throughout your life."

Taken as a concrete quality which the pupil either has while at school, or has not, the proper school spirit is a thing which will be of much benefit to him, both in his school and after life. In the first place it inspires a sense of loyalism in the pupil, which when one considers his future connection with either a private concern or with his country itself, will undoubtedly prove to be a source of comfort to the employer or it will be of great benefit to his country, if, for instance, he should join the Army or Navy.

Another benefit to the individual, derived from the developing of a proper school spirit, is the fact that it develops in the pupil a strong sense of honor. Frequently one hears boys say that they would not do a dishonest act because it would reflect discredit on their school. For example: There was a window broken last year in a house near where some of our school boys were snow-balling. It would have been easy for the guilty ones to have escaped paying for the window. and in fact all blame for the act, but several boys were heard to say that the outside lookers-on and owners of the house knew that they were "Tech" boys and to avoid paying for the window would cast discredit upon the school, so they took up a collection on the spot and paid the house-owner for his window. In this we see but a single act of honesty; yet it is a well-known fact that a few such acts of honesty make the way easier to others, and as many similar occurrences might happen to a pupil in the course of his stay at the school, it can be readily seen what an aid to honor the respecting of one's school is likely to be.

Naturally, the occurrence just mentioned reflected credit on the school and showed the witnesses and the house-owner that our boys are honest. These witnesses and the inhabitants of the house tell their friends of the incident and it is repeated and re-repeated, thus enhancing greatly the public opinion of our school. Other similar incidents tend to do the same good.

The presence of the proper school spirit takes definite form in many ways. Upon the athletic field and drill-ground and in such places where it is easily manifested it is greatly in evidence. In the class-room and in the pupil's general behavior it is too frequently lacking and much more noticed when present, by outsiders. If a pupil has truly the proper school spirit it will be manifested in his every act and word whether in relation to the school or not. If he does not have it, the lack of it will be just as evident.

The presence of a proper school spirit in the pupil's nature has many lasting effects on his nature. It affects his character, it affects all his work in later life, and the use of the same principle developed at his school will greatly promote his chances of success in the world.

A. B. BAKER, A4.

"Tech."

I.

There are many schools throughout our land;
There are schools of every kind,
But you'll have to hunt for many a day,
Ere a school like "Tech" you'll find.

II.

With many victories her head is crowned,
Of the contests fairly won;
And there's many a palm that's been borne off
By many a loyal son.

III.

Then there are the teachers, wise and kind,
And our principal, so true.
May we always cherish their memory sweet,
And give them honor due.

IV.

And when at last our place we take
To labor through life's short day,
May we always remember with loving hearts,
And honor the "Red and Gray."

S. B. SAFFORD, '07.

Sweet Memories.

Slowly and with difficulty he wended his way down the narrow path to his customary seat by the brook. Looking around at the old familiar sights, his heart went back to "those good old days" when they were young. The babbling brook, the soft breezes rustling through the leaves, the dazzling fields of golden-rod, all brought back sweet memories.

His cane dropped to the ground, and leaning against the rustic bench, he closed his eyes. How many times had they sat there together, hand in hand! Seventy, no, eighty years

ago to-day he pressed upon her cheek the first kiss—her birthday kiss. Ah! It all came back so clearly. They had stolen away from school and had roamed about these self-same woods, paddled in this bubbling brook, and picked the wild flowers at their feet. Sitting there on the old bench, they had eaten their lunch of brown bread and fruit. Remembering it was her birthday, and having nothing to give her but a top and an old fish-hook, he gently kissed her blushing cheek. How often had he kissed her since, down there beside the golden-rod.

Years seem to float by, the old manor upon the hill seems to ring with merry voices, the house and porch stream with bright young people, the rooms are fragrant with flowers. A soft step on the stairs, and voices are hushed and all eyes are turned in that direction. She comes down like a snow-white vision, a bunch of golden-rod in her hand; her face is radiant as she joins him at the foot. They walk into the room as in a dream, and are conscious of a man's voice speaking. There is a short ceremony, he slips a ring on her finger, and she is his—his forever in life until death.

"Dear girl, look down on me from your heavenly home once more before I come to thee," he cries softly.

All else fades away, and he sees only her in the distance. She is in shining white, but so beautiful and so pure. She comes nearer and nearer. He feels strangely happy as she draws nearer with outstretched hands. He kneels before her and kisses the hem of her garment, but she gently raises him. He holds out his arms, and—again she is his in death as in life.

With the sweet, contented smile still on his lips, they laid the old man beside her, to whom his spirit had already flown.

CLARA PUTNAM, E2.

The Fall of the Drama.

Woe is me! I think it is, anyway—our dramatic club has failed. Our challenge to other clubs is withdrawn; we take it all back. One can never realize the relief of a confession like that—until he has told the truth once or twice himself.

Our troubles started with a shirt—not with one of your ordinary, every-day shirts, but the hard shell kind. But no more of that shirt until later, for thereby hangs the tale.

Brutus has ever had an athletic disposition; pole vaulting was his ambition—one of his ambitions; the other was to be able to beat his wife. But alack and alas! He was ever too

assertive. He became exuberant—he wore out a new dagger every day on the ribs of noble Caesar. Julius looked at him with pained eyes—they didn't pain him most though. Even the fair Calphrunia eyed the bewhiskered Portia with some disfavor. But all to no effect; Bill refused to lessen the mas-sacres. Hart's feelings were hurt—in two or three spots—he determined to go Achilles one better and turned up at rehearsals encased in a shirt—not that, that was unusual, he wears them quite often—he is modest in spite of his talent—but the shirt had a stiff bosom—a very stiff bosom—a young armor plate. Bill was undone; the shirt never was, it came that way; he (Bill, not the shirt) stabbed in vain, but the blade bounced off. That wasn't so worse, but then J. C. refused to die at all; we couldn't convince him that he was dead, nothing we could say would convince him. He refused to be a bum ghost when he could be a good Caesar. His wife deserted us, she owed him money, and wept manly tears upon that bosom. That sealed our fate—no show could have a dead Caesar strolling aimlessly in and out at the wrong time. In the third scene of Act IV he declined being a monstrous apparition. He said we had not killed him fair, that some one had stabbed him in the back, where the front of the shirt wasn't—quite naturally we thought. He didn't and he is biggest.

Then came Portia. She threatened to sue Bill for divorce unless he improved. Her cheeks became wan and colorless; her artistic instinct overcame her maidenly prejudices; she began to paint. The paint was bad—very bad. It was guaranteed to last—they said it was fast paint and it was—it ran. We hate to see her cry—over a new carpet. It spoiled the color scheme.

Fair Portia, the beauty of her cheeks made complaint,
 'Til Mr. Brutus, her hubby, bought a can of red paint,
 She used it in bunches, applied with a brush.
 It must have been healthful, whiskers grew with a rush.
 But the strange part about it; silence all when 'tis said!
 The whiskers, once swarthy, do now come in red.

And as time went on, a bad habit time has been getting into lately, each actor and male actress developed prejudices contrary to the needs of the play, until now things have reached such a point that it is feared Reichard will grow fat and renig on Cassius.

By that last it may be seen that some hope remains, but we take it all back about that challenge—we didn't really

mean it anyway; we are quite sure that we never could have meant it. Our advertising agent was having a dream, he has them often, he can dream anything he wants to; he dreamed once he saw a dollar. Then he waked up. So have we.

E. C. REICHARD, '08.

English.

I.

I am sitting at my window,
And I'm feeling very blue,
For I've got to write a poem,
And I don't know what to do.

II.

There's nothing round about me
To inspire me at all,
In fact the only things I see
Are the mantle and the wall.

III.

My books are here beside me,
My lessons not begun,
To tell the truth they sha'n't be
Until my poem's done.

IV.

I've thought of every subject,
From the star down to the tree,
But none of all these subjects
Seems suitable to me.

V.

I guess I'll have to give it up,
I see it is no use.
I'll rush to school to-morrow
And I know I'll get the —.

DODGE, A4.

Talking Machines.

We often find persons who own and operate talking machines, ignorant of the principles of them. There are two kinds of talking machines: First, the Phonograph, and, second, the Graphophone, the principal parts of which are the horn,

the diaphragm, the disc or cylindrical records, the sapphire stylus and the machinery necessary to make the records revolve.

We all know that each and every sound causes a vibration in the air called sound waves, no two of which are alike or of the same length; and we also know that each wave or vibration has a characteristic effect upon the ear. It was discovered by Edison that these sound waves could be recorded on tinfoil, paraffine, or wax. These sound waves are indented upon the substances by means of a diaphragm made of hard, French-rolled, plate glass, to which is fastened a sharp stylus made of sapphire, which will vibrate a definite number of times for each wave.

In the manufacture of the cylindrical record for the Phonograph, hollow cylinders of wax are first molded, then they are placed in a machine which removes the rough surface and at the same time cuts screw threads which number about one hundred to an inch. The blank, as it is termed, is then placed upon a holder which is revolved by either clock-works or an electric motor; the stylus of the diaphragm is then placed at the beginning of the screw threads, and when the record or blank is started revolving, sound vibrations of the song or selection are directed upon the diaphragm by means of a large horn, which in turn vibrates and causes the stylus to make indentations upon the blank.

The flat disc for the Graphophone is made similarly, except that the wax is placed in a zinc pan, which is also revolved by the aforesaid machinery. The disc is made to revolve in such a manner, that while the stylus is making the sound indentations it is also cutting the screw threads, which are always started at the outer edge and run to the center. It is necessary to keep the disc soft and also prevent clogging of the threads by the stylus, so alcohol is passed over the wax while the process is in continuous progress. When this has been accomplished, the disc is rinsed with chromic acid to prevent the liberation of the hydrogen bubbles which are so essential for the preservation of the disc; then it is electrotyped, causing a matrix to be formed on the plate.

It would prove too expensive to pay men for the purpose of singing and talking every time a record is made, so they have one record made in this manner, and then make other records from this one. To do this, the sharp stylus is replaced by a reproducing stylus which has a ball on the point and, after the glass diaphragm is replaced by one of mica, by making this pass over the indentations made upon the first record, the same sounds are produced and in turn are trans-

mitted upon other blanks in the manner which has been described.

These machines are made very compact, having the machinery in a small box which also serves as a base, and the holder for the record or cylindrical disc attached to the top of the box together with the large horn. As there is a large assortment of records for both of the machines, from the latest speeches of great men down to the latest ragtime song, which are capable of about one thousand reproductions, these machines afford one of the best amusements that can be found.

A. LUEBKERT AND J. H. SMALL.

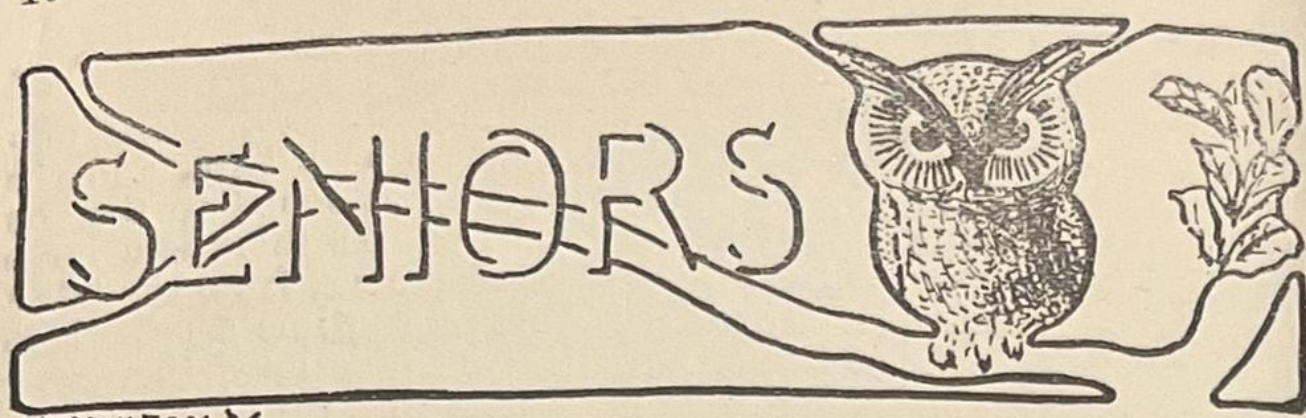
Farewell to Winter and Welcome to Spring.

Farewell, cold Winter, thy icy days
Have come and gone, and left
Us basking in Spring's sunny rays.
No more we'll hear the coasting song
Or watch the flash of skates along
Some frozen creek—such days of sport are past,
And Spring, with all its treasures rare,
Its sunshine warm and fresh, crisp air
Is here to lure us out of doors
To wander over vales and moors
And drink in all the pleasures sweet
That Spring affords.

So let us rejoice in the Springtime
And not mourn o'er Winter's bier,
But think of the future before us
And the joys of the coming year.

TAYLOR, A4.





HAMILTON 36

On the twenty-sixth of February, our first class meeting was held. It was a well attended, heated meeting. Section spirit was too high to make the elections pleasant. Dr. Myers kindly presided for us until we elected a president to officiate. Mr. Safford, our Editor-in-Chief, was elected president of our Class of '08. The next office was that of vice-president. Miss Clark was elected to this office. For treasurer we elected our athlete, "Bill" Thrall. Last, but not least, Miss Gonzenbach was elected to the office of secretary. Here's success to our officers!

At separate meetings of the two sections, a member from each section was chosen to be members of the executive committee, which is composed of the officers and these two members: Mr. Ellis, of B4, and Mr. Schmid, of A4. The executive committee appointed the pin committee, consisting of Mr. Bond, chairman; Miss Suman, Mr. McKernan, Mr. Reichard, and Mr. Seay.

We held our second class meeting on the thirty-first of March. At this meeting Mr. Reichard was elected class historian and Mr. McKernan was elected to give the address to the undergraduates. Designs for pins were submitted by the pin committee, but no vote was taken.

At a meeting of A4 Mr. Lansburgh was elected class prophet for that section.

Mr. Le Duc (in electricity class): "All of the resistance should be cut in."

Mr. Smith: "Wrong; think again."

Mr. Le Duc: "You mean guess again."

Miss Daly: "When are you happy?"

Voice from the rear in A4: "When we have no English."

A4 would suggest as a subject of debate: "Resolved, That the twenty-three chairs which have been lost or stolen from the mechanical drawing room be restored." The only objection thus far is that Mr. Rippey is the only one who will take the negative.

Mr. Smith (in electricity class): "You should have a straight zig-zag line."

Miss Daly and Holland please notice—Alcohol and grammar are not inseparably associated in the popular mind, yet some people seem to regard the tax on whiskey as a sin-tax (syntax).

Query: How is it that Miss Morton knows so little about attributes of a dandy and that Mr. Scammell knows so well the attributes of a coquette?

One might scarcely imagine that dignified Seniors, much less members of an all-boys section, such as B4, would ever play "pillow" (without outside help). Yet they were recently caught in the act by several teachers.

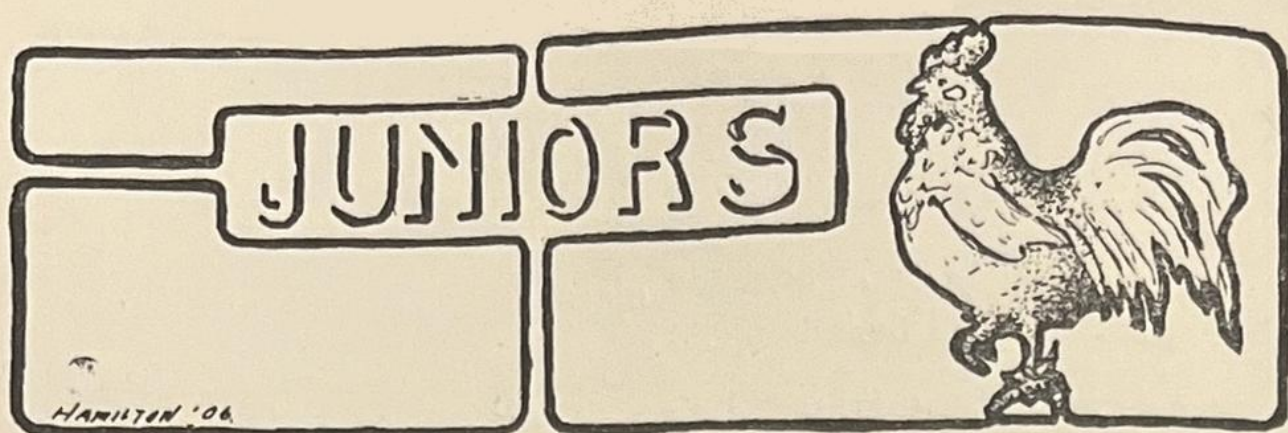
Pitts B4 (reading of the "little Babylons" builded by the Humphries aristocracy): "The little *baby lions*," etc.

Mr. Smith (to B4 electricity class): "The equalizer switch is set on a big slate slab *all alone by itself*."

Miss Christiansen (as Mr. Dugan guffaws loudly): "The noisy laugh denotes the vacant mind."

Our crack pitcher is so old that he has become Gray.





Mr. H. of B3: Of what use is solid geometry?"

Miss S—: "It shows us many relations."

Mr. H. (aside): "A person can't live on relations."

Mr. Brown, of A3, in freehand drawing class, while painting: "Miss D., where can I get some yellow?"

Mr. Offutt: "Say, Brown, why don't you take the yellow out of your name?"

Miss Saunders, speaking of supplements, gave the following illustration: 25 pears plus 5 apples equals 30 pieces of fruit.

Mr. Burgess (philosopher of the class, A3): 25 pears plus 5 apples equals 15 pears (pairs).

Mr. D—b—s, the brilliant German student of B3, upon being asked to start off a number of athletes in a race, started them off with the absent-minded words, "Eins, zwei, drei, jehe, geht, oder, gehen Sie."

Mr. Mattern: "What does H Cl. contain?"

Miss Delwig: "Oh! H and Cl."

Mr. M.: "I did not know H Cl. contained oxygen."

Miss Muckenhoupt (in French roll call): "Answer to your names. Herr B. Oh! I mean Monsieur B."

Mr. Mattern's method of making potash: "Take the little plants and trees that grow in pots, and burn them, and you will have potash."

Seen on the board in the Physics laboratory after Assembly:

Notice!!!

A3 Debate.

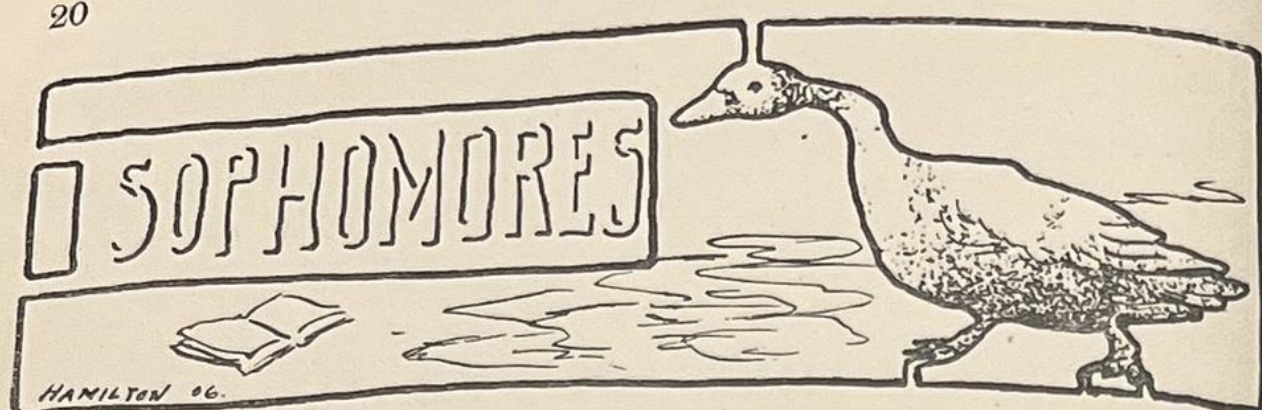
Resolved, That experiments after Assembly are not advisable.

Affirmative, A3.

Negative, Mr. Adams.

Mr. Adams (in physics class): "The hot air engine is all hot air. The piston of our little model travels about 300 revolutions per minute, but when the force comes to be measured it generates about 1-10 of a 'skeeter' power."





On March the third the two-year graduating class, E2 and D2, held its first class meeting to elect the class officers. With a few exceptions the entire class was present and voting was done in quick order. Mr. David Brewster, the ever-popular athlete, was elected president by a large majority. Miss Myrtle Saunders, a very capable miss, was given the honor of vice-presidency. Next the voting was done for a secretary, and more trouble was experienced here than in any of the other elections; but finally Miss Eleanor Emerson was elected. Mr. Lloyd Moyer was chosen to handle and keep track of the financial affairs of the class, and there is no doubt that he is well-fitted for the position.

The same afternoon the president exercised his power by appointing a "pin committee." The committee was as follows: Miss Verbena Adler, Miss Claire Collins, Miss Virginia Pumphrey, Mr. Frank Marsden, and Mr. Lloyd Moyer.

Mr. W. (to A2 on Friday): "I want all talking stopped now. If anyone has anything funny to say let him say it now."

Mr. F.: "Tomorrow will be Saturday if it doesn't rain."

Mr. W.: "One hour after school."

Mr. L., of B2, in English: "He was getting better when he died."

Mr. G., in D2, English class: "They set the flames on fire."

Anyone would know that Mr. Brown, A2, is a poet by just one look at his hair.

Miss C. (after the first semester): "E2 section, learn the paragraph beginning, 'But, alas! we are not all here,' etc."

A certain member of B2 would like to know if Latin phrases in newspaper clippings are good English.

Mr. McC., of A2, wants to know which is heavier, wet water or dry water.

Miss Cross (in E2 cooking class): "It takes a great deal of heat (hot air) to make kisses."

Miss C. (in A2 English): "What is a sarcophagus?"
In answer to a wildly waved hand, "Well, Mr. F., what is it?"

Mr. T. (confidentially): "Something in your throat."

Ask Mr. Sale, of B2, why he rides one block beyond his destination on the cars. (Is it his craving for study?)

Dr. H.: "Where does air come in, before or after wood?"
Mr. Zirple, of A2: "Afterward (wood)."

Mansey, X2 (at Washington Circle): "What square is this?"

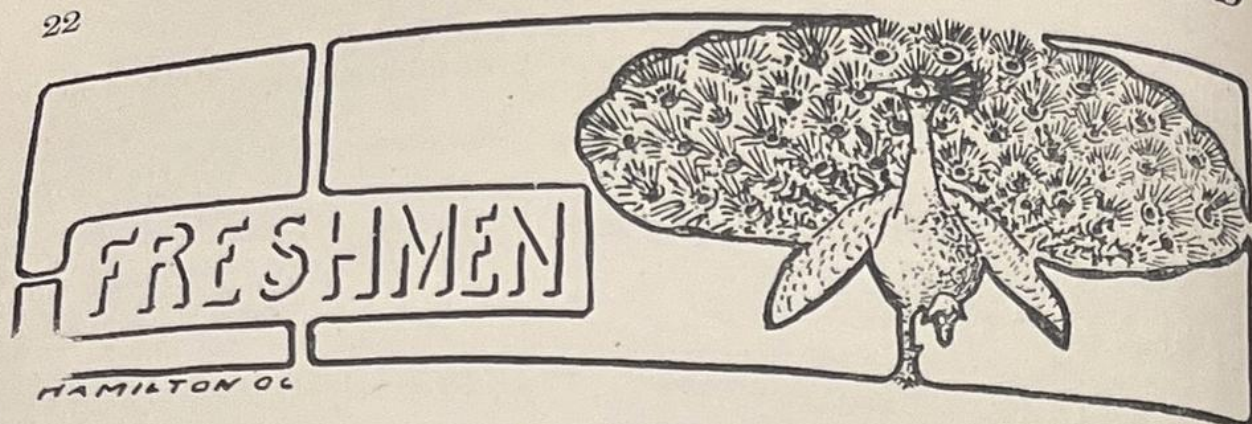
Sunday School Teacher: "M. (X2), if someone told you if you put your hand in the fire you would get burnt, how would you know it?"

M.: "By experience."

Sunday School Teacher: "Good; and if someone told C. it was wrong to lie, how would he know it?"

M.: "By experience."





Freshmen's Motto.

ich flunke,
du flunkst,
er flunkt,
wir flunken,
ihr flunkt,
Sie flunken,
sie flunken.

Mr. Adams (to H1 in physics class): "What does the evaporation of alcohol produce?"

Mr. McN.: "It produces heat."

Mr. A.: "Is that a fact or do you imagine it?"

Mr. McN.: "I imagine it is a fact."

Mr. Potzler, of Z1, to Mr. H. Long, who is drawing a picture of the sun: "What is that; your son?"

Mr. L.: "Yes."

Miss Freyhold (to F1): "Mr. L., name one of the fine arts."

Mr. L.: "Bricklaying."

Miss Freyhold (to E1 pupils, who are studying about Alexander the Great): "Does anybody know anything about Alexander's horse?"

Mr. D.: "He (Alexander) died of taking cold baths."

The D1 pin orchestra threatens to rival the Tech orchestra. Those in the Tech orchestra could get pointers from D1 during mathematics period.

Miss Muckenhaupt: "Where's the rest of the section?"

First voice: "They must have eloped."

Second voice: "No; they can't elope (cantaloupe), because they're not in season."

Miss M. was explaining about a black woman, eine Schwarze, to C1 and told the incident of her mother when she was up north where negroes are scarce.

Miss M's. mother: "Da geht eine Schwarze."

(There goes a black woman.)

The negro: "I'll swat you one if you want me to."

Miss N., A1, (whose finger is out of her glove): "Oh, but my finger is cold; I am afraid it will be sick."

Miss H., A1: "Don't worry! I wouldn't care as long as it is able to be out."

Miss S., of E2, (to Shanks, who sent her a bunch of American Beauties at Christmas): "It certainly was sweet of you to send me those flowers, but I would have appreciated them more if I thought you had worked and earned the money you bought them with."

Mr. Shanks (with a serious expression): "Why, Miss S., if you only knew how hard it was to work dad for that money you would think I earned it."

From a first-year paper: "After picking up my lunch box, I proceeded for a few yards, but my foot caught on a piece of ice and was soon looking like a fallen tree. I then made my way to a car which I held in my vain endeavor to close umbrella and picked from the mud my rain-soaked books reaching home feeling very disagreeable."

Poor fellow!

Mr. D.: "In this example class two equals one."

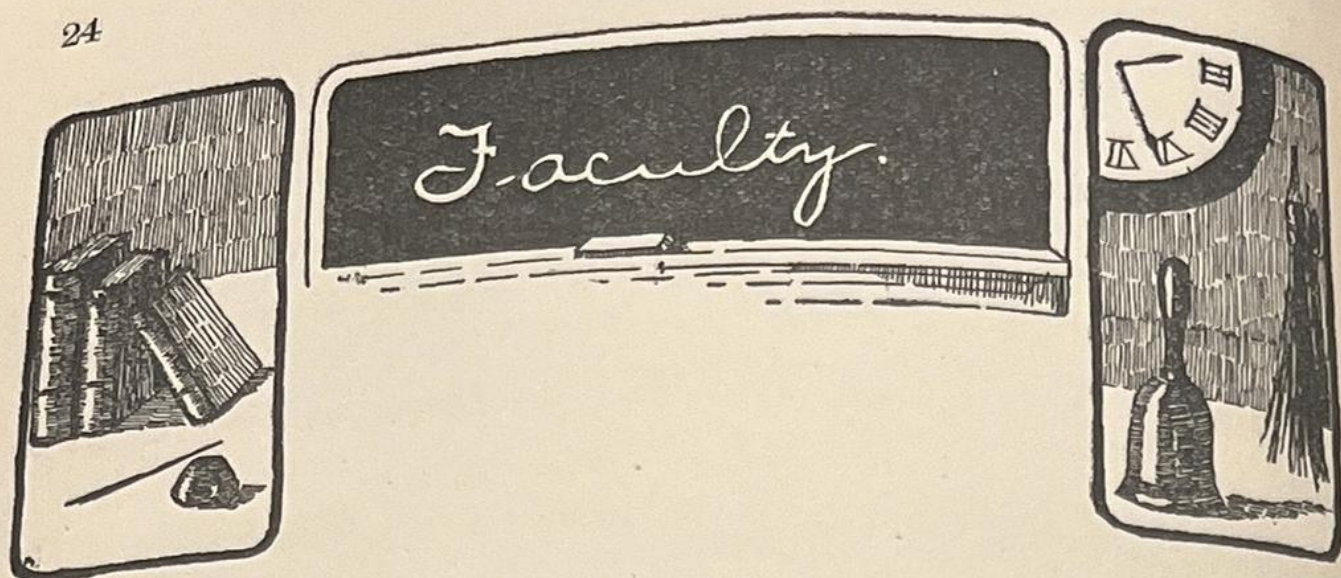
Miss C., of A1: "But two can't equal one."

Mr. D.: "Here are you and Miss M. You are two, but you don't equal one."

Miss N.: "Yes, but Mr. D. and his wife are two and they equal one."

In D1—Miss Baldwin (in English): "Mr. Casselman, what were the suitors doing while Ulysses was away?"

Mr. C.: "They were pressing the suit."



It is with great pleasure that we welcome several new teachers to our faculty, and hope that they will have nothing but success as teachers in our school. Miss Eugenie De Land, teacher of freehand drawing; Miss L. C. McCalm, teacher of German and mathematics; Miss Deal, teacher of mathematics and physics, and Mr. Perry E. Medford, teacher of wood-turning, are the new members.

Mr. Adams recently invited the physics teachers to inspect the Home Ice Company. He also recently addressed an audience of about ninety-six on photography.

A very delightful luncheon was given by Miss Daly to the faculty Friday, April 10. Several toasts were given by Dr. Myers, Mr. Daniels, and others, to which Miss Daly responded.

Before Christmas Mr. Adams took an extended trip through Cleveland, Chicago, Indianapolis, Cincinnati and other cities, inspecting the schools.

The members of the faculty and students of the school wish to extend their heartfelt sympathy to Miss Shipman in the death of her mother.

Greatly to our regret, Miss Cross has for the last few weeks been prevented by illness from teaching her classes. We sincerely hope that she will soon be able to resume her work.

We are glad to know that Miss Hartman has returned and is able to resume her classes after a short illness.

We are also glad that Miss Middleton, who was compelled to go West by the illness of her mother, has again joined us.

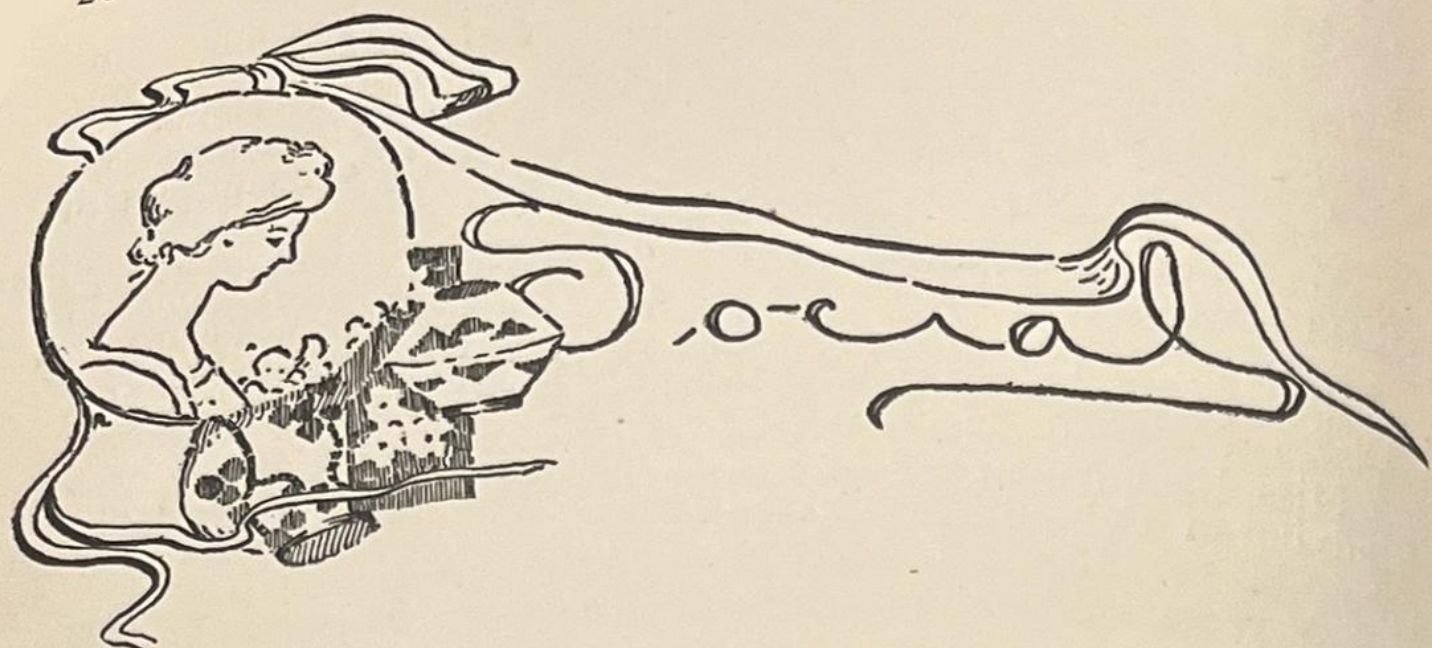
A very interesting talk was given the school at an assembly by Dr. Myers, with the assistance of Mr. Adams. It concerned the new building and also the various alternations and changes to be made in the present structure. The plans were thrown upon the wall by Mr. Adams, enabling the pupils to see exactly what is to be done.

We were indeed sorry to lose our French teacher, Monsieur Rivot. We wish him great success as teacher at Western.

Miss Ford, now Mrs. Bruckner, is living at Bronx, New York.

Miss Brandenburg, a former teacher of English, is now studying at Columbia University.





The annual dance of Company D of the High School Cadets, at Mrs. Dyer's, on the evening of February 14, 1908, was a very successful affair. Everyone enjoyed it very much.

The Alpha Alpha Sorority has given a number of very successful affairs recently, among which were a dance at Chevy Chase and one at Miss Henderson's home, in Brookland, on Saturday, April 4.

The hop given by the Third battalion of the McKinley Manual Training School at Raucher's, February 29, 1908, was a most enjoyable affair. We hope there will be more.

Miss Forbes was hostess at two delightful teas, one on Thursday, April 9, to the "old" B1 girls, and another on Friday, April 10, to the girls in the A1 section, at four o'clock.

A pleasure club, called the "Jonquill Club," has been formed among the A3 girls, of which Misses Koontz, Farrington, Krenzlin, Ford, Nash, McInturff, Merrill, Fleishman, Galbraith and Hancock are members. Two lunches have been given by Miss Merrill on March 1st and Miss Fleishman on April 11 to the club.

A charming dance was given at Mrs. Dyer's, on March 26, by the Alpha Delta Sigma Fraternity. It was well attended and proved a success in every way.

A luncheon was given by Miss Daly in the Domestic Science room to the members of the faculty on Friday, April 10, 1908, at twelve o'clock. All seemed to have had an enjoyable time.

A series of luncheons and dinners has been given by the A3 girls this year. On one occasion some very distinguished guests were invited, among whom was Mrs. Roosevelt. She

was unable to attend, however, and sent the girls a beautiful bunch of flowers. These affairs have all been very successful.

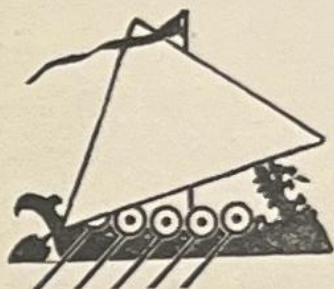
The members of the E2 class gave a dinner to Dr. Myers, Miss Jacobs and some friends on Wednesday, April 8. Another will be given by part of this class on Wednesday, April 15, 1908.

Many charming little affairs have been planned by the members of the graduation class for after the holidays.

The second dance given by Company L at Mrs. Dyer's, on Friday, was very successful in every way.

A small social gathering will be held by the Senior girls in honor of the debating team of this year and of last year, and the Senior members of the orchestra, May 8. The invited guests are Dr. and Mrs. Myers, Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain, Miss Forbes, Miss Daly and Miss Christiansen.

A reception was given to the Eastern Manual Training Association by the faculty of the McKinley Manual Training School, Wednesday, April 18. A most delightful program was rendered by "Tech" Orchestra with Mr. George W. Sunderland as director. The Domestic Art, Science and Drawing rooms and the shops were thrown open for exhibit of the work.





A sure sign of the approaching competitive drill is the fact that the programs have been given out and that the captains have drawn for their positions.

The drill this year will be held on June 2nd and 3d, that is the first Tuesday and Wednesday of June. Most of the cadets do not seem to realize that the time for the drill is so near. There are now eleven more drill days and these include the two or three days that will be used in practice for the regimental review and sham battle, which will be held on the White Lot during the first week of May.

The cadets should remember that they have a hard proposition in attempting to win the drill. However hard it may be, the cadets should not get the idea that many seem to have, that it will be impossible to win this year after winning last year. Central, a few years ago, proved this to be untrue, having won the honor three times in succession, and certainly the cadets of "Tech" should have enough school spirit to go out and do twice what Central has done three times.

This year we have four fine companies, and one of them certainly should be able to carry off the flag again and show that "Tech" can do what other schools can.

One thing, however, is noticeable in all of the companies, the seeming lack of company spirit. No company can ever win that does not have this spirit. The company that wins is the company that has spirit, the company in which the men all pull together for one common end, the company in which there are no petty grievances, the company which, as I have said before, pulls together for the one thing, namely, the glory for itself and for the school.

The cadets should remember that there are only eleven more drill days. Think what this means, a sum of only fifteen hours. Only these few hours to practice for one of the greatest things in the school year, the one thing for which the loyal cadets, not the "kidders," are working and have been working for since October. Those cadets who have worked

loyally for the good of the company and school should continue their work for a while longer, for they may be rewarded with a red ribbon, but this will not be the result unless those who entered the cadets for a good time steady down and get to work.

Now that the days are becoming warmer the cadets should try to accustom themselves to the heat, as it is more than likely that they will "roast" on the day of the competitive drill. This hot weather should be a reminder to those who have not been working hard. It should remind them that the drill is near at hand and that from now on they must work if they expect their year's work to be rewarded.

There is an old saying, known to most persons, "Rome was not built in a day." This applies equally well to the cadets; no good company or prize winner was ever made in a day. It should not be expected that a company could drill badly up to the day before the drill and then go out and win. Even now it is rather late, but certainly not too late, for a company to improve if bad, and still have a chance for the drill. So everybody get down to hard, steady work. If you have been working hard, work just so much harder and try to improve upon your previous work. If you have not been doing good work and trying to make yourself perfect, have some spirit in you; try to do better than the fellow next to you and try as hard as you can to win one of the three medals given in each company.

The following are the instructions and program for the drill:

INSTRUCTIONS.

1. Time allowance for drill, thirty minutes.
2. The company will be marched upon the drill ground and formed in line fifteen yards in front of the judges, and presented to the senior officer of the board.
3. Movements will be executed in the order of arrangement given in the program.
4. It is not to be understood that each movement in every case can be executed from the preceding one. The movements will be given, but the captain is expected to use his own judgment in executing them.
5. Any movement passed will be marked "O," and cannot be taken up later.
6. When marching, the distance passed over must be sufficiently great to enable the judges to determine the proficiency of each command. In every instance the prescribed move-

ment must be fully executed before passing to the next on the program.

7. At the conclusion of the drill the company will be marched to the grand-stand and presented to the judges.

THE PROGRAM.

1. Being in column of squads at a halt, from left front into line and advance.
2. Marching in column of squads, form on right into line.
3. Align company two paces to the rear.
4. March to the right in column of squads, then march about toward the file closers.
5. Form line.
6. Execute change step, mark time, right and left step.
7. Execute half step and back step.
8. Oblique to the right in column of squads in double time, mark time and continue oblique.
9. Marching in line, turn and advance.
10. Marching in line, turn and halt. In place; halt.
11. Form column of squads.
12. Form column of platoons to the left front without halting.
13. Form line to left front without halting.
14. Being in line at a halt, form column of twos to the right and advance.
15. Form line to the left and advance.
16. Oblique to the right in line.
17. Oblique to the left in line and halt.
18. Being in column of squads, execute right oblique in double time and halt.
19. Form column of platoons to the right and move forward.
20. Form on right into line.
21. Form column of platoons to the right and halt.
22. March by the flank to the left.
23. Form line to the right front.
24. Being in column of squads, form column of twos.
25. Form column of squads.
26. Being in column of squads, form column of files.
27. Form column of squads.
28. Marching in line, change step in double time.
29. Form column of platoons to the front from the left.
30. Form line to the right front and halt.
31. March to the rear.
32. Form column of squads to the left.

33. Form on right into line in double time.
34. Form column of squads and take single rank distance.
35. Form line to the left and halt.
36. Present arms.
37. Order arms.
38. Port arms.
39. Order arms.
40. Right shoulder arms.
41. Port arms.
42. Present arms.
43. Right shoulder arms.
44. Left shoulder arms.
45. Right shoulder arms.
46. Port arms.
47. Left shoulder arms.
48. Order arms.
49. Marching in column of squads with single rank distance, form column of squads with double rank distance.
50. Fire one volley at 200 yards.
51. Fire one volley at 400 yards.
52. Fire one volley at 500 yards, kneeling.
53. Open and close chamber.

The companies will drill as follows:

First Day.

Second Day.

Co. L.....	Capt. Pelzman.	Co. G.....	Capt. Gordon.
Co. K.....	Capt. Webster.	Co. I.....	Capt. Bonine.
Co. F.....	Capt. Brown.	Co. E.....	Capt. Kause.
Co. H.....	Capt. Campbell.	Co. B.....	Capt. Heitmuller.
Co. C.....	Capt. Benson.	Co. A.....	Capt. Kelley.
Co. D.....	Capt. Wise.		

The rifle club has at last been organized. A meeting was held on Monday afternoon, after drill, at which the following officers were elected: President, E. S. Wise; Secretary, N. M. McKernan; Treasurer, J. E. Howard; Captain of the team, E. M. Webster, and Executive Officer, R. L. Kause. We are lucky in having one of our officers, Major Zebley, hold the position of range officer. Before this paper is published, it is expected that the High School championship will be settled. The Minute Men have given the cadets the use of their armory. The shoot will be held under the rules of the National Rifle Association of America, through which the armory was obtained. Many valuable prizes, cups, rifles, watches, and medals, will be given. We certainly hope that the rifle team will do as good work as other "Tech" organizations.

We have been asked by the officers of Company L to print the following honor lists:

FEB. 15TH TO MARCH 15TH.

First Platoon.

Experienced Privates: E. F. Klinge, H. R. Harr.

Inexperienced Privates: E. I. Disney, J. G. Motley, F. L. Strawn, A. I. Bell.

Second Platoon.

Experienced Privates: C. E. Chandlee, J. T. Hutchison, C. J. O'Reilly.

Inexperienced Privates: A. M. King, J. E. Levy, H. W. Primm.

MARCH 15TH TO APRIL 15TH.

First Platoon.

Experienced Privates: E. F. Klinge, W. Harrison, J. Claussel.

Inexperienced Privates: E. I. Disney, J. G. Motley, A. I. Bell.

Second Platoon.

Experienced Privates: C. E. Chandlee, S. Esty, J. T. Hutchison, H. W. Primm, A. M. King.

The Orchestra and the Concert.

Not so many months ago the McKinley School Orchestra was unrecognized as a school institution—was the butt of jokes and facetiousness; today it stands as the peer of any like organization, in either high-schools or universities of the District of Columbia—an organization whose crowning achievement was the Concert on Feb. 28.

Four years ago two of the present members of the orchestra banded a few of the school's musically inclined, and formed the first semblance of an orchestra. Success did not crown us that year, nor the next, for what was jocularly termed the "Tech Sympathy Orchestra" hardly had the attribute of sympathy, for, to cite a typical difficulty, one of the girls who played *mandolin* was made "treasurer" in order to retain her services by bestowing a responsibility. In those days that was a position of great dignity.

Then, last year, came Mr. George W. Sunderland, a professional performer, and Vice-President of the Local Federa-

tion of Musicians, a man whose energy and solicitude for the orchestra has been as great and imposing as his figure. Under his competent directorship enormous strides were made, the orchestra became confined to boys, and serious, hard rehearsals were entered into. Too much praise and thanks cannot be given Mr. Sunderland (he dislikes to be called Prof.), but there is one more, who, while we were yet unnoticed, gave and has continued the aid that was so sorely needed. This latter is Dr. Myers, whom we honor as our friend as well as principal.

Mr. Sunderland, speaking of a recent trip of inspection to representative Manual Training institutions of other cities, said of the musical features, "There was not any school, not even the great Carnegie Institute of Pittsburg, which had an orchestra as large and capable as ours."

The orchestra has played at inter high-school debates, class-night exercises of both the Business and Tech High Schools, and lately at the convention of the Eastern Manual Training Association. On Feb. 28 the orchestra achieved its greatest triumph in the concert it gave to obtain funds for the school enterprises—athletics, music, and debating society. This fund has been raised by an annual lunch, but this year this method was relegated in our school, for two reasons: first, for lack of proper facilities for holding a lunch, and, second, for the distinct and refined departure which a concert would at once become.

Prominent local talent was obtained to assist the orchestra, and a concert was given that was a triumph for the school artistically, and a success financially, although lacking the proper support of the student body, who, as a whole, preferred to spend their quarters in appeasing their gluttonous instincts rather than their aesthetic ones.

The numbers rendered were as follows:

PROGRAM.

1. March, "Under the Banner of Victory".....Von Blun.
Orchestra.
2. Soprano Solo.....Selected.
Mrs. Dayelle Taylor Welch.
3. Bass Solo, "The Arab's Bride".....Marks.
Mr. Dana C. Holland.
4. Violin Solo, Spring Song.....Mendelssohn.
Mr. Mark Lansburgh.
Orchestral Accompaniment.

5. Contralto Solo, "Angne Macdonald".....Rocker.
Mrs. Dana C. Holland.
6. Melody in F Paraphrase, by Tobani.....Rubenstein.
Orchestra.
7. Trombone Solo, "Thy Sentinel Am I".....Watson.
Mr. George W. Sunderland.
8. Contralto Solo, with Violin Obligato,
"Alla Stella Confidente".....V. Ribaudi.
Miss Florence Dean, Mr. Mark Lansburgh.
9. Sonata for Flue, "Fantastica".....Luigi Hugues.
Mr. Antonio Celfo.
10. a "Welcome Pretty Primrose Flowers".....Pinsuiti.
b "Sweet Miss Mary".....arr. by Mr. H. W. Howard.

Philharmonic Quartet:

Mrs. Dayelle Taylor Welch,
Mrs. Wm. Keye Miller,
Miss Lillian Chenowith,
Mrs. Dana C. Holland.

Mr. Harry Wheaton Howard, Director.

The following members of the orchestra participated: Director, George W. Sunderland; violins, Lansburgh, Lepper, Webster, Edwards, Murphy, Stein, Hough, and McCarthy; viola, King; 'cellos, Whitbeck and Zebley; cornets, Ezdorf and Felter; trombone, Cheney; piano, Chatfield; augmented by flute, Celfo; clarinet, Darby; bass, Zieman; Tympani, Jacoby. The accompanists were Miss Helen Sunderland, Miss Margie Ramey, and Messrs. Chatfield and Harry W. Howard.

LANSBURGH.

Orchestra Notes.

Mr. Cheney—"Why do they call me a Gibson girl?"

The "Merry Widow" is dead—we killed her last Tuesday.

In our \$1,000 overture, Ezdorf plays the first two inches, followed by a drum solo. As the ink smeared, we have substituted an ingrown cadenza, to be pulled off on the bull-fiddle by Mr. Whitbeck. As independent pitch is used instead of international, we here let Prof. Sunderland do stunts with the baton, while Zebley changes from A Major to a minor. In the grand finale, smearzando, scratchardo, and pizz, everybody did fine.

We have a Medley Overture, introducing the following numbers: "They fed the baby onions to make him strong,"

"Get the ax; there's a fly on baby's head," and "My Mississippi missus misses me."

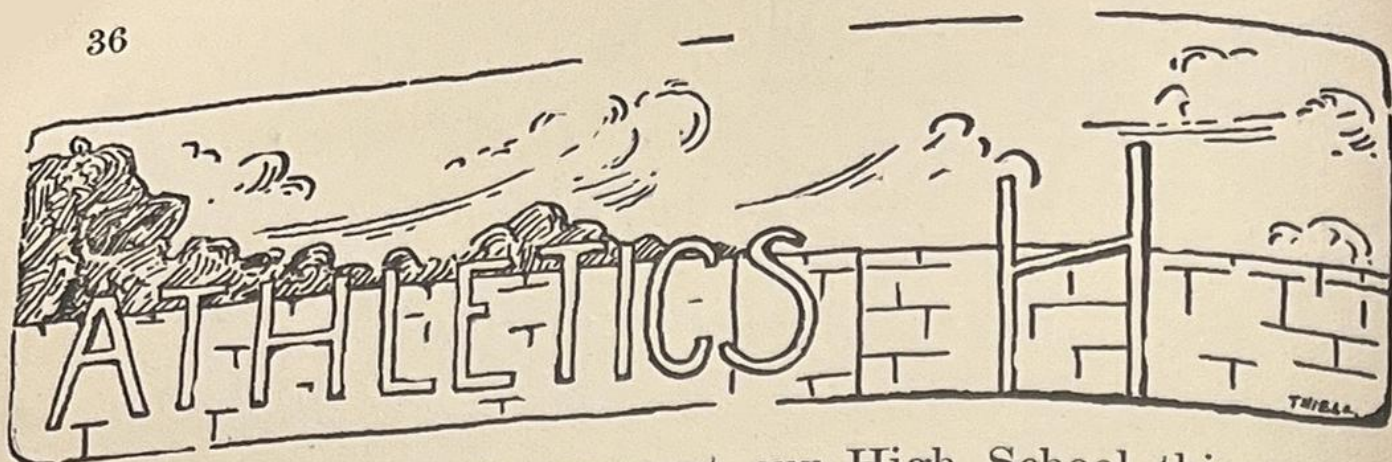
Our new encore was given with great success, "She Died in the Valley;" by request.

At rehearsal, while Prof. S— was giving Chatfield his usual baton message, a voice was heard from the rear, "Oh, papa, don't!" Ans. Helen.

Hurrah! Lansburgh played a yellow note!

LANSBURGH.





The team that will represent our High School this year will be picked after due consideration has been given to all those who are ambitious enough to uphold the school's reputation on the diamond. The team has started practice and from the large number of men who have reported we have been able to select one of the strongest teams that has ever represented a local high school. The following men who were on last year's team—Brewster, Reichard, Gray, Goodman, Chapin, Benson, Seay and Dugan—form the nucleus of a formidable aggregation. Of the new men to fill the places left vacant from last year's team by Mess, Platt and Orffutt, we have the following new men: Kelley, Lynch, Marsden, Hardell, Kuehn and Ellis, from whom we will, no doubt, be fully capable to select three to fill last year's vacancies. The team has already played three games so far this season and won them all; winning the first game from the Tacoma Athletic Club by a score of 17 to 5; the second from the Fredericksburg College, at Fredericksburg, by a score of 8 to 0; and the third at Warrenton, Va., where the Bethel Military Academy went down to defeat at the hands of our men. Captain Reichard and Coach Smith, the latter being among our faculty, have bent their untiring efforts to turn out a winning team. Manager Safford has nearly completed the schedule, which includes several out-of-town games and games with the best school teams in the District, as follows:

- March 28, Fredericksburg College, at Fredericksburg, Va.
- April 1, Bliss Electrical School.
- April 4, Bethel Military Academy, at Warrenton, Va.
- April 10, Georgetown Prep., on Georgetown field.
- April 11, Episcopal High School, at Alexandria, Va.
- April 29, Army and Navy Prep.
- May 1, Western High School.
- May 2, Georgetown Prep., at Georgetown field.
- May 8, Business High School.

May 15, Eastern High School.

May 16, Mt. St. Joseph School, at Baltimore, Md.

May 20, M. A. C., at College Park, Md.

May 22, Central High School.

May 30, Baltimore City College, at Baltimore, Md.

Games are pending with Gallaudet College and Army and Navy Prep.





We are glad to acknowledge the receipt of the following papers: *The Tatler*, of El Paso, Texas; *The Oracle*, of Auburn, Maine; *The Kimball Union*, of Meriden, New Hampshire; *The Archive*, of Philadelphia; *The Shucis*, of Schenectady, New York; *The Academy Echo*, of Freedom, Maine; *The Curtis High School Monthly*, of New Brighton, New York; *The Tooter*, of South Omaha, Nebraska; *The Narrator*, of Reading, Pennsylvania; *The Pharos*, of Buckhannon, West Virginia; *The High School Beacon*, of Chelsea, Massachusetts; *The Maryland Collegian*, of Lutherville, Maryland; *The Shamokin High School Review*, of Shamokin, Pennsylvania; *The Orange and Black*, of Milton, Pennsylvania; *The Review*, *The Western*, and *The Easterner*, of Washington; and *The Orange and Purple*, of Danville, Pennsylvania.

Although the outside of *The Tatler* for February is not so attractive as usual, the inside keeps up its usual interest and attraction. The story, "The Biography of a Coyote," is particularly clever, although the whole literary department is good.

The Oracle is an interesting paper with a fine collection of short stories, of instructive value as well as of interest in the line of pleasure.

Although the stories in *The Kimball Union* are short, they make up for their shortness in number and in quality.

The Archive is a good paper, being well edited and showing the hearty assistance of the school in the literary columns. Both "What's in a Name?" and "The Use of Esperanto" are well written, interesting articles.

In *The Shucis* we find a rarity, stories and poems written in German.

The Academy Echo is an attractive, bright paper, with good cuts and good stories.

The Curtis High School Monthly is one of our best exchanges. The smaller size for your paper is a great improvement.

The Tooter, one of our new exchanges, although small, is complete in all of its departments. The article "A Trip to Washington" is particularly interesting to us, for it shows us how we appear to outsiders.

The Pharos is a paper of interest and instruction to any one. Your new cover is much more attractive than your old one.

The articles on Hamlet, in the *Maryland Collegian*, are well written and helpful.

"Gramma Flossie Soliloquizes," of *The Orange and Purple*, is very cleverly written.

Orange and Black, do you not think it would be an improvement to your paper to make it a smaller size?

"Lance" and "Ye Rhyme of Ye Modern Mariner," of *The Western*, are both very interesting.

It is interesting to note that the girls' issue of *The Review* is the equal of its interesting predecessors.

As Others See Us.

We think you take up too much space with the division of your jokes. Jokes from two classes would be sufficient under your head.

—*Shamokin High School Review*.

THE HAND AND MIND, from Washington, D. C., all in all, is a very interesting paper. An article entitled "Of Gifts" is fine.

—*The Tooter*

The addition of a few more stories to the make-up of THE HAND AND MIND would improve it greatly. The exchange department is well written.

—*The Curtis High School Monthly*.

Your January cover is certainly an improvement, HAND AND MIND. We congratulate you on the number of good stories you are able to obtain. The idea of dividing the jokes among the four classes is also good, but gives the jokes too prominent a place in your paper.

Shucis.

The first exchange that holds our attention is THE HAND AND MIND, of the McKinley Manual Training School. The question is how it could improve. In its make-up, arrangement and execution, it is excellent. From page to page is reflected the spirit of a school that is among the foremost.

—*The Archive*.

He who knows and knows that he knows is a Senior—
follow him.

He who knows and does not know that he knows is a
Junior—trust him.

He who does not know and knows that he does not know
is a Sophomore—honor him.

He who does not know and does not know that he does not
know is a Freshman—pity him.

—*Exchange.*

Phonetic Expression.

A large German woman held up a long line of people at the money-order window in the Boston Postoffice the other day, and all because her memory went back on her. She wanted to send some Christmas money to her son, a sailor on a merchant steamship in foreign waters, but when she presented the application at the window, the clerk noticed that the address was lacking.

"Well, where do you want to send it?" he asked. "We can't give you the money order unless you know the name of the place."

"Yah, dot's de trubble," she replied, "I didn't pring his letter and I can't remember der name of der town, but it's some place in China dot sounds like der noise an automobile makes."

The two clerks looked at each other dubiously. "What kind of a noise does an automobile make?" asked one.

"Honk, honk," suggested the other.

"Yah, dot's it!" exclaimed the woman. "Honk, Honk, dot's der place."

"Fill it in 'Hongkong,'" said the clerk, and she paid her money with a smile of relief.

—*Brooklyn Life.*

A dog stood on the railroad track.

Toot-toot!

Sausage!—*Ex.*

A Bad Spell.

If an S and an I and an O and a U
With an X at the end spell Su,
And an E and a Y and E spell I,
Pray what is a speller to do?
Then if an S and an I and a G
And an HED spell cide,
There's nothing much left for a speller to do
But to go and commit SIOUXEYESIGHED.

"What is the best way to tell a bad egg?"

"I don't know, but I would suggest if you have anything really important to tell a bad egg, break it gently.

—*The Pharos.*

The only thing that is really what it is cracked up to be is ice.

Rufus Choate once endeavored to make a witness give an illustration of absentmindedness.

"Wal," said the witness cautiously, "I should say that a man who thought he had left his watch to hum, an' took it out'n his pocket to see if he had time to go hum to get it—I should say that that feller was a leetle absent-minded."

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Save Us!

O, Mr. President,
Is it really your intent
To save us all from being busted flat?
If that is your intention
We'd really like to mention
The thing they call the "Merry Widow hat."

It's a regular purse breaker
And it covers near an acre;
We've seen some fierce ones—none the like o' that.
O, get a message ready
And fire it in, dear Teddy,
Let Congress curb the "Merry Widow hat."

Three feet and sometimes wider,
No one can sit beside her
In street car, office, dwelling house or flat.
Ask Congress to relieve us,
For, Teddy dear, believe us,
The worst ever is the "Merry Widow hat."

—*The Commoner.*

He Was Served Accordingly.

At a men's cafe one night a young American—a barber—fell in with an Englishman. The latter was berating the Yankees for doing all manner of business in their shops and not following the better English plan of sticking to one

branch. The next day he swaggered into the barbershop to be shaved. The barber gave his face an extra good soaping and left him, at the same time seating himself to read. The Englishman kept quiet a few minutes, when, seeing his attendant reading, he blurted out, "Why don't you shave me, sir?" "You will have to go up the street for your shave," quietly replied the barber. "We only lather here."



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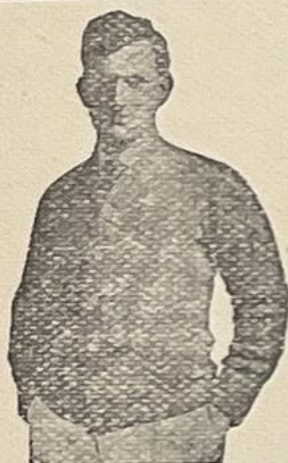
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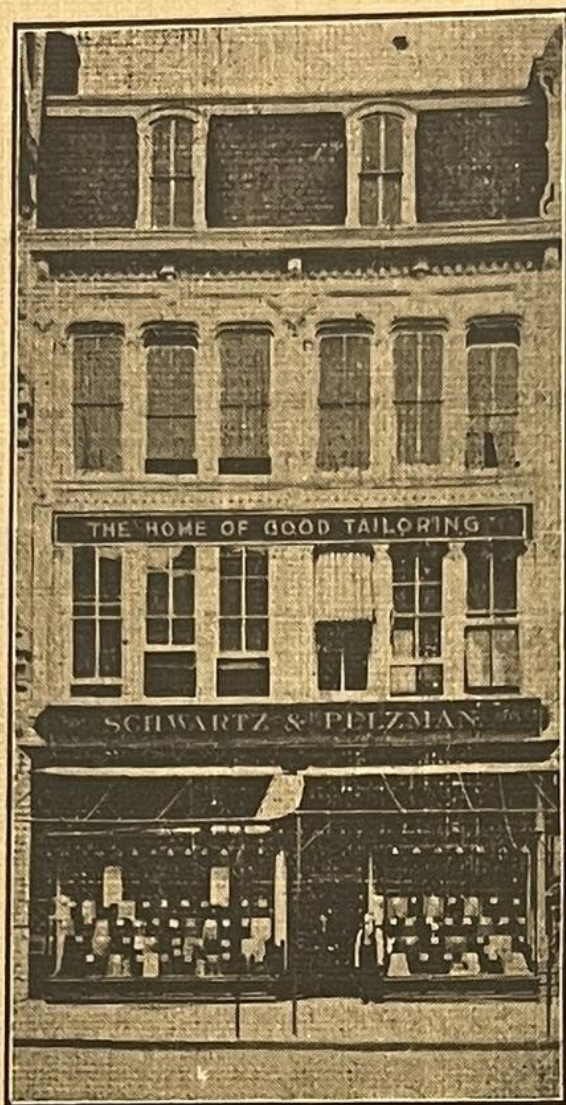


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Hand and Mind

Thanksgiving
Volume 7

MDCMVIII
• Number 1



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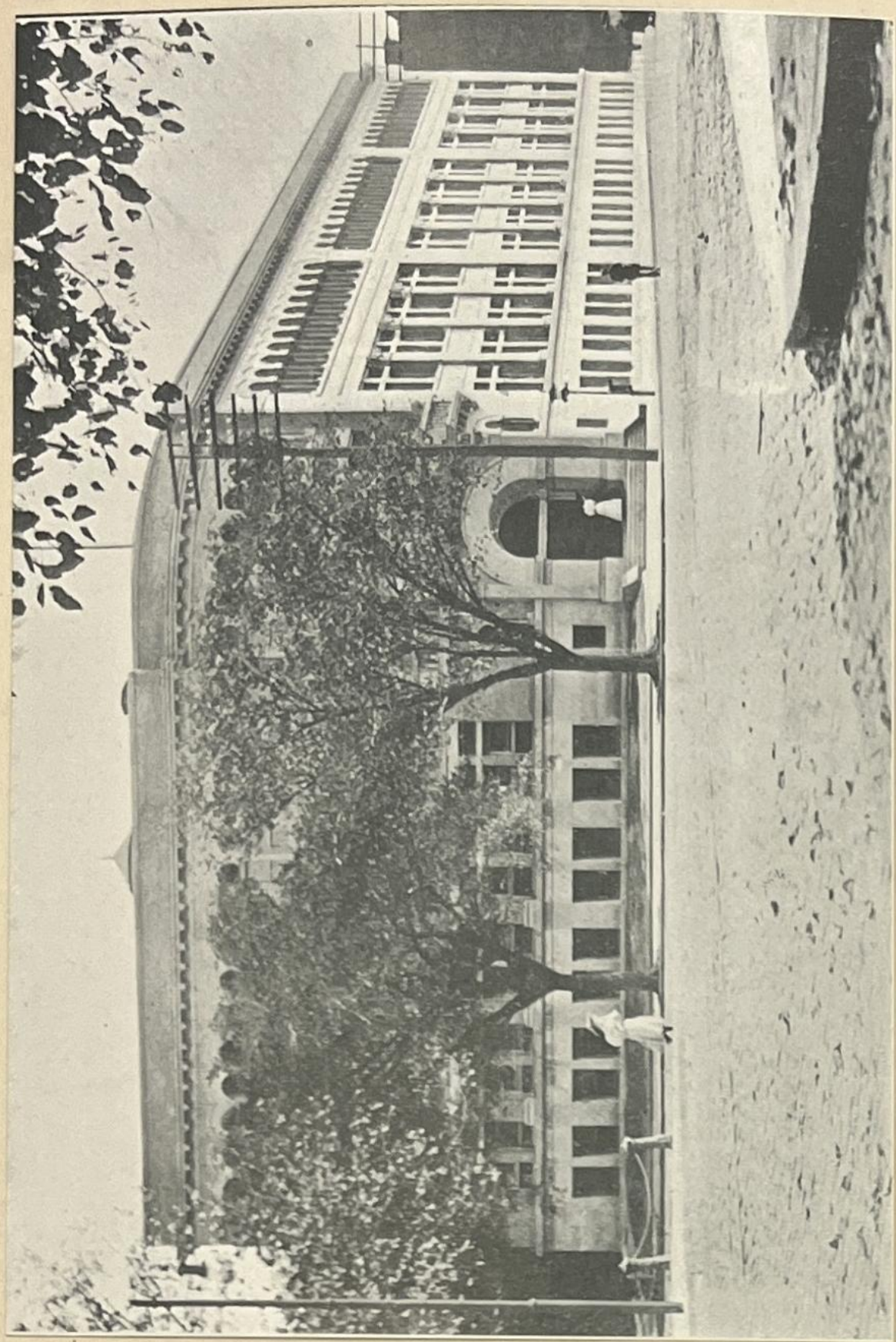
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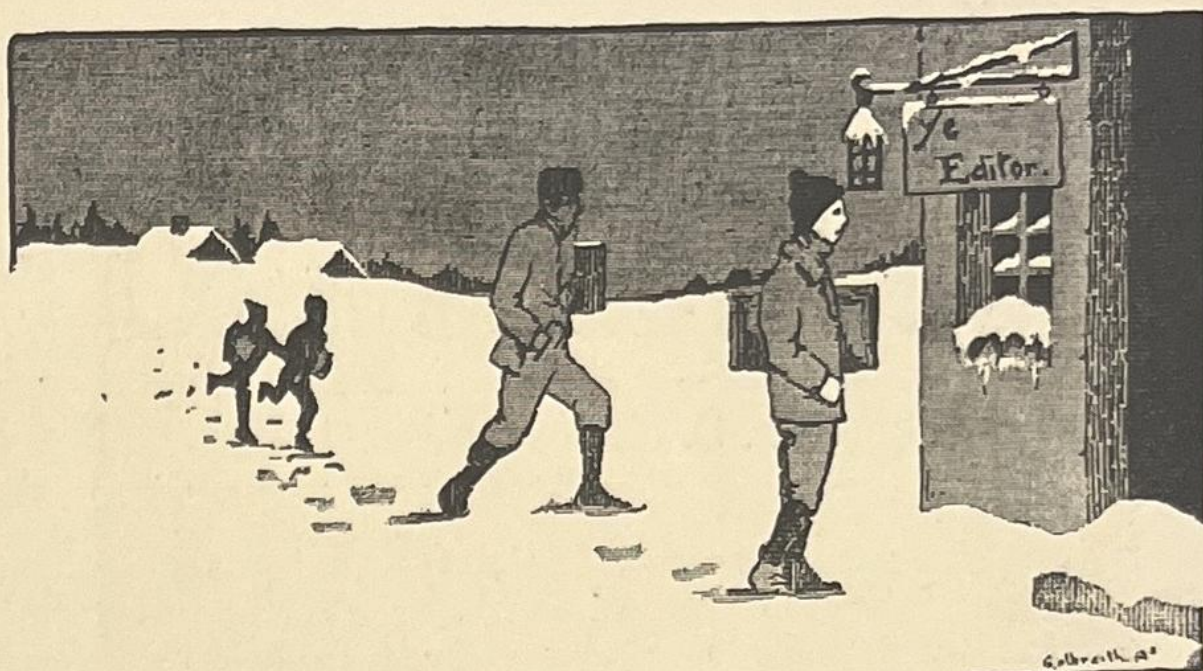
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HAND AND MIND is a Quarterly Magazine published for and by the pupils of the McKinley Manual of Training School and its alumni.

Literary contributions are solicited from all, both pupils and alumni. All matter should be written in ink, on one side of the paper only, and put in the box.

All business communications should be addressed to J. W. Emmert, McKinley Manual of Training School, Washington, D. C.

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Hand and Mind

Vol 7. Washington, D. C., November, 1908

No. 1

Five years ago the following editorial appeared in the Thanksgiving number of the HAND AND MIND:

"Now that Thanksgiving is at hand, and everybody is thinking of the many things he is thankful for, we of the McKinley Manual Training School ought to consider what we particularly have received in large measure. How pleasant it is to have such a fine, large building!"

This wonderful day of Thanksgiving has for the fifth time since the writing of the above statement rolled around, and it is now time to think once more of the numerous things we have at present to be grateful for. Has not that fine, large building been doubled, and is it not soon to be tripled in size? Has not our school recently gone so far as actually to turn supposed impossibilities into possibilities—merely by winning the competitive drill twice in two years, and carrying off the colors when the Colonel was attending a school other than our own, and thereby settling all doubt as to whether a school could win without this superior officer? Has not our school, generally, been performing feats which have never been performed before? Was not our school successful in its entirely new enterprise of debating? Were not the first crew and first orchestra of the High Schools organized at our own school?

Therefore, it is only natural that we, of the present McKinley Manual Training School, should be twice, or even three times, as thankful this year for our recent wonderful success and glorious achievements as that student body of five years ago was for the comparatively inferior conditions existing at that time.

We wish to thank the members of the school, at this time, for the generous number of articles thus far contributed to the paper. We are glad you see the necessity of giving us a large quantity of material to choose from—but the contributions are *not general*. We need

more variety. Therefore, it does not seem unreasonable to ask *every single person* in the school to contribute something before the next issue, in the form of short stories, poetry or jokes, or all three.

When the various gridiron struggles took their places in the course of our school events, an excellent chance was given to each and every person of Tech to manifest his school spirit; and I might safely say it was manifested. Since that time an opportunity has been afforded the school to show once more its school spirit, but, sadly, this time, it was *not* manifested. If you are not on the subscription list of the HAND AND MIND, you are one of those who helped to dim the light which burned so brightly only a short while ago. The HAND AND MIND is *your* own school paper, consequently it is your duty to subscribe and thereby become a full-fledged "Techite."

If our untiring efforts have caused this issue to be satisfactory, to such a degree that the indifferent now wish to change their minds—they may do so. "It is better late than never," so, although the first issue has been published, you have still a chance to become a true "Techite." Suitable reduced rates will be offered to those who wish to subscribe to the remaining three editions.

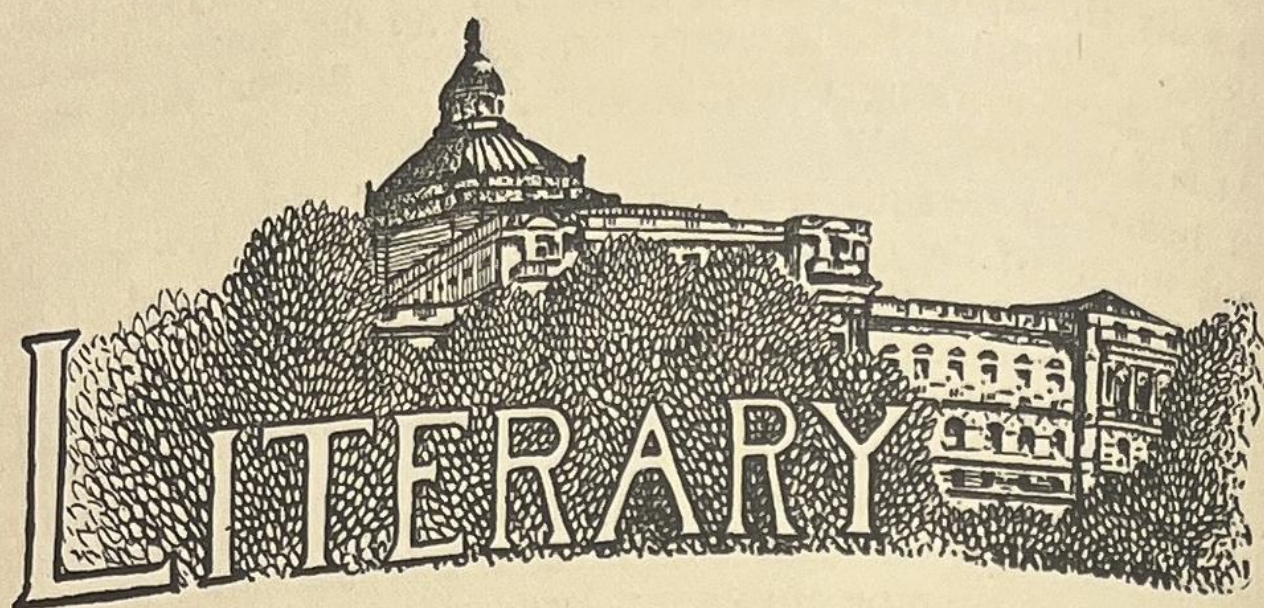
Look! Prize Offers!!

Five dollars (\$5) will be given to the person submitting the best poem before January 2, 1909. It must be typewritten and signed by a pen name. Enclosed with the poem must be a sealed envelope containing pen name and real name. Any poem not complying with all these conditions will be disregarded.

Two dollars (\$2) will be given for the best story, submitted under the same conditions mentioned above.

THE HAND AND MIND is indebted to Mr. John Adams for the handsome frontispiece of this number.

The Athletic Association generously gave us the picture of the football team.



A Railroad Apparition

BY

OTTO C. GSANTNER, JR., A3.

"Whew! but the snow's gettin' deep! Fifth time I've swept the path this evening."

The speaker gave the path a few vigorous strokes with her broom, then paused to look back on the cleaned part of the path, which was already recovered with a soft, white layer. Her bare left hand was thrust under her jacket, while the mittened one rubbed her ear to windward in an attempt to drive away the numbness. The apron, which almost completely hid her face, was covered with snow, and on her shoulders the steady downfall had deposited more than her continuous shaking could throw off. This was Mrs. Shepard.

A shrill locomotive whistle sounded not many blocks away, and the shriek of the wheels, as they rubbed the brakes, was nearly deafening.

Mrs. Shepard started.

"That's the 6 o'clock, and Dan'll be home presently." She gave the dark northern clouds a despairing look and hurried into the house.

It was nearly dark when a boy strode up the pathway. On the porch he stopped to shake and stamp until the door opened and the cheerful voice of Mrs. Shepard greeted him. Dan strode into the lamp-lit room.

During the meal that evening Dan was unusually quiet. Instead

of talking, as was his wont, he looked into his plate, or stared absent-mindedly through the smoky, glass panes of the window into the darkness without. He ate very little—a very unusual thing for a healthy, hard-working young brakeman.

At last he burst out:

"I heard an awfully queer story to-day, mother. We were all sitting in one of the empty cars, the other two brakemen and I. Big Jim Murphy—he's the one that told it. The other man had asked Murphy if he believed in ghosts, and Jim, after hoisting his legs over one of the bunks like one who knows, told a story something like this:

"He and another man were sitting on the back platform of the caboose one night—a night like to-night, cold and dark and snowy. The train was running through a large pine woods, with the wind whistling through the bending pine trees.

"He was just beginning to doze when the other man grabbed him by the arm and pointed to the darkness behind. There, not ten feet away, were two shiny somethings, two yellow, gleaming, ghostly balls of fire.

"Neither of them could move. They were as if frozen; half dead with fright. They looked at the fire-balls and the balls of fire stared back at them.

"At last the balls drew further and further away, until they were lost in the darkness."

As the boy finished he looked into his mother's face. She was staring at him, white as a ghost. The coffee, which she was pouring, ran over without her noticing it. At last her quivering lips asked:

"Did Mr. Murphy say who the other man was, Dan?"

"No. Why?"

His mother looked pained. She came closer to the boy, laid her hand on his shoulder and looked into his face.

"I've never told you, Dan," she said, "because I didn't want to frighten or worry you. Your father was a brakeman, as you are now. You don't remember him. He was killed before you could walk. He was strong as a giant and feared nothing.

"At about midnight one cold Thanksgiving he came in looking like a dead man. His cheeks were hollow; his lips white, and his stare was vacant. It was a long while before he could speak, and when he did it was in a half-frightened undertone. He told me a story—a queer story—the same story that you heard to-day—that

Big Jim told. "Dan," she breathed, "that other man was your father."

She wiped the tears from her eyes and continued: "From that time on your father was a changed man. He walked to and fro in his room deep in thought. Something weighed heavily on his mind. It was the fire-balls that he thought about—dreamed about—and mumbled to himself about. It made my flesh creep to hear him saying in his sleep, 'There they are—they're coming, coming to take me—to kill me!' and then he'd always wake, his hair standing out on his head, and cold perspiration creeping down his forehead.

"Although he never told me of having seen them again, they remained fixed in his mind, making his waking as well as his sleeping hours miserable for him.

"But one night—it was a year later—a night like to-night, cold and dark—he did not return at his usual hour. Morning came, and still he had not come. I hurried to the station and learned that he had been killed—had fallen from the back platform of the caboose.

"I have always wondered whether it was the fire-balls; they may have come back and—and the sight of them may have killed him."

The woman stopped and looked her son in the face. His eyes dropped to the floor. No sound save the ticking of the clock disturbed the stillness. The boy was lost in thought.

Suddenly the warning whistle of the locomotive broke the silence. The boy jumped up, and, after putting on his coat, kissed his mother good-bye. It was his shift for four more hours.

* * * * *

It was nearly midnight and the train was screeching along between high banks of snow-covered earth. On the rear of the last car sat a young man, his legs hanging over the side.

It was Dan.

His eyes were fixed on the track behind. He seemed waiting for something.

Suddenly it came—two balls of fire—two yellow, gleaming, ghostly balls of molten fire; one minute large, the next small; now yellow, now white; now gone, now back again.

The boy was still as stone, transfixed with fright. But suddenly his dazed brain remembered—remembered the fire-balls—the same that had killed his father.

Quickly he drew back. In his hands he held a heavy iron wheel—the wheel that operated the brakes of the freight-car. His arms

raised the weapon above his head and the next instant he had hurled it at the balls of fire. Then everything was darkness. The fire-balls were gone.

* * * * *

The next day a man who was sitting in a Portland restaurant reading the "Daily News," called his companion to him. The two bowed their heads over the following paragraph:

"A large moose is reported having been found dead on the railroad tracks some fifty miles from here. Its head was crushed near the eyes by a brake-wheel, which was lying a few feet away. It seems that the moose was attracted by the light of the train and compelled to follow the latter. In connection with this, it is curious to note that about sixteen years ago, when a certain Mr. Shepard was found dead on the tracks, the hoofprints of an immense mountain moose were deeply imbedded in his back."

The Deserted Fort

Fort Lawrence! Thou hast undergone a change,
For Father Time has made thee seem so strange.
The walls, which once stood strong against the wave,
Are fallen half apart; and in the grave
Are all the val'rous men who risked their life
To see their country victor in the strife.
No more the bugle blows its golden blast,
No more the banner waves upon the mast,
No more the faithful sentry walks his post,
No more the guard is mounted at the post.
At night the moon makes desolate the scene
With silv'ry rays upon the sea serene;
No human beings are around the place,
Where once the soldiers made their daily pace.
Thy days are spent, and although now decayed,
Thou hast been monarch of all that thou surveyed.

GRIFFIN FRAZIER, A3.

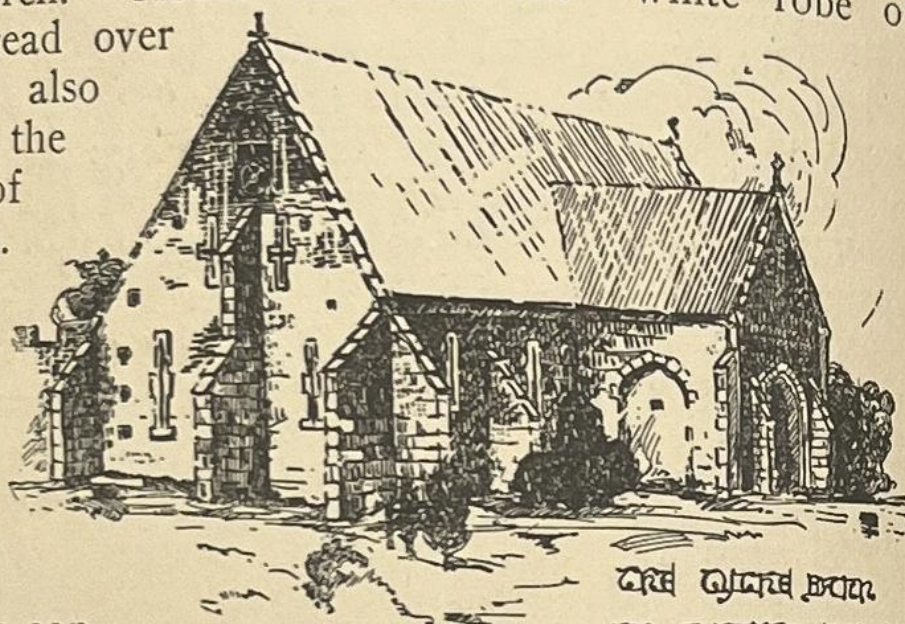


On English Architecture



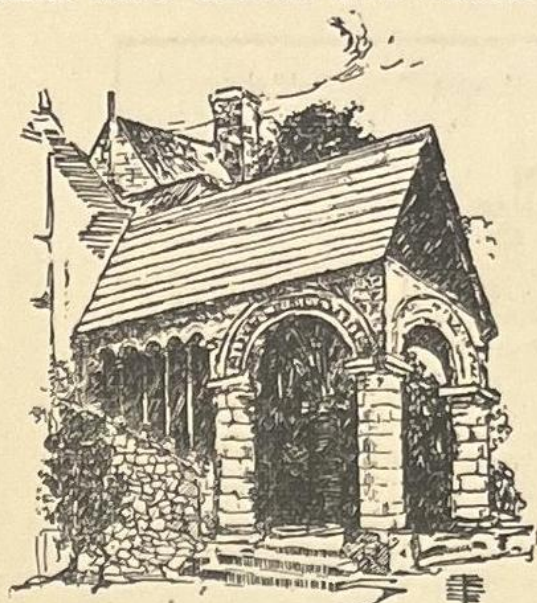
THE architecture of a nation is the history of a nation; the buildings of a nation are its monuments, and England is no exception to this rule.

Long ago was the Norman porch built at Canterbury, but it accurately reflects the feeling of the period. Then it was that the first refinement of the Renaissance softened the barbaric traditions of earlier times and rounded the square-linteled Cromlech into the Romanesque arch. About this time the "white robe of churches" was spread over the land, and this also served to elevate the general character of architectural design. We can scarcely conceive the vast influence which the church exercised over all classes as far as education along architectural lines is concerned. As the monks of Cluny built, so built the monks of Peter-



THE WHITE TOWER
AT CANTERBURY.

borough and St. Albans, and so the holders of fiefs and baronies built their castles and manor houses.



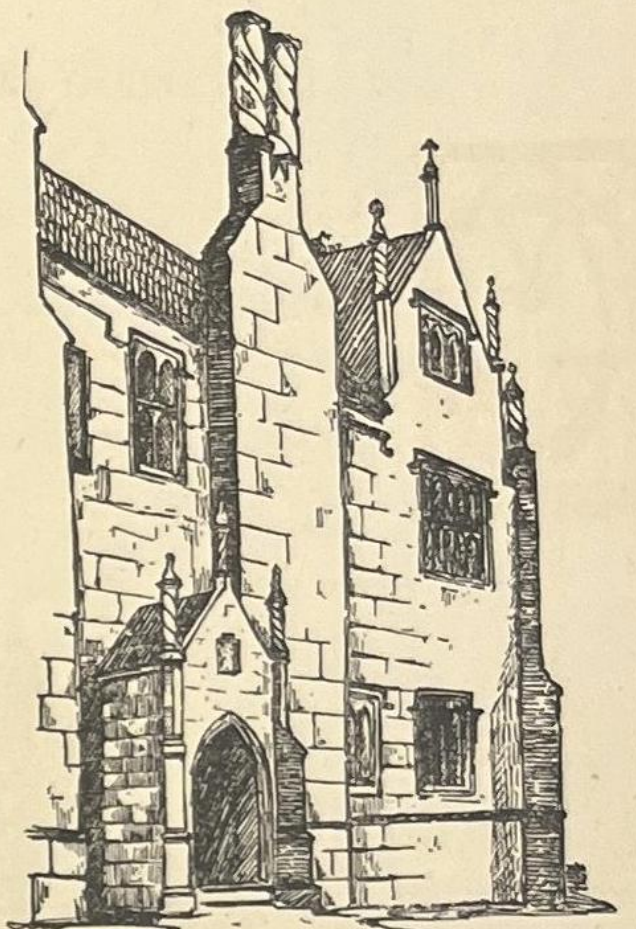
THE MANOR HOUSE OF
CUSTANCE

Here residential architecture received a check, for it became necessary, when feudalism was introduced, to make residences strongholds which could be defended, and so blank, forbidding walls pierced by a few narrow slits resulted.

Many years this endured, but finally the Italian, slowly but surely, crept into English architecture. The first Tudors saw great modifications in building, and by the time Eliza-

large leaded glass windows had both ascended the English throne supplanted the narrow slits; Italian bays and Gothic oriels displaced penthouse and turret, and in the place of the massive machicolations which formerly surmounted the walls, the classic balustrade displayed its fair proportions.

And when the Restoration came, building succeeded warfare and men built for the love of building, some well, some ill; but every man's building recorded his ideas, and so to this day we easily follow from generation to generation the story of Englishmen written in indelible stone upon the unfading page of the fair land of England.



MANOR HOUSE OF
CUSTANCE

H. J. DODGE.

Cavistock Hall,
October 20, 1908.



SIVEN THE SWORD

A TALE OF ANGLO-SAXON DAYS

By ALVIN BROWN, A3.



It was in his banquet hall that the Master of the Fief had gathered his relations and nobles for the feast day. All around the long, low hall were hung the implements of war and chase. Great heads and antlers of magnificent stags stared out of the dim corners of the room, at the light and jubilation in the centre. The long table ran down the center of the room, and upon a raised dais at one end of the table sat the Lord of the Fief.

He was a stern man, this Lord of the Fief. His steel-gray eyes took in everything in the hall; he observed the merrymaking, but seldom laughed himself. He drank the toasts in great horns of ale, but otherwise appeared to have no interest in the proceedings. All down the long table were gathered his vassals, heavy-bearded men, stern in war, loud at the feast; slow to anger, but when aroused, like the lion. The great hall echoed with the shouts of these men. Truly, vassals worth having!

But why this hush? All eyes are turned to the upper part of the hall, where a small canopy is drawn aside, and out steps a man. It is the Scop. His serious face belies his ribald clothing. One side of his dress is yellow, the other is red; he has bells on his parti-colored peaked hat; in his hand is a donkey's head on a rod. But, withal, he has a serious face. And these men listen with strained attention, as the Scop steps forward and chants with a voice that is full of music:

“Sven the Sword rose up from his table,
Challenged a God to mortal combat,
Thor the Thunderer challenged he then;
Threw him his gauntlet, dared him to take it,
Dared him to fight bold Sven of the Sword.

And when Thor heard the challenge,
Looked he up angrily,
Thundered and rumbled,
Spoke he with thunder :
'Sven the Sword, I take it,'
Rang through the heavens,
Tumbled down mountains,
Terrified thousands.
Then Thor took his hammer,
Hammer of iron,
Descended to earth
In volleys of thunder ;
Rode he the lightning,
Plucked he up trees,
Saying, 'O Sven of the Sword,
Rash was thy challenge,
Thinkst thou thy tiny sword
Will turn away lightnings,
Fend thee from thunder,
Protect thy weak body
From the hammer of Thor,
Of Thor the Thunderer ?'
Yet Sven awaited him,
Stood with his sword,
Saying no word.
Then Thor took his hammer,
Whirled it around his head,
Twirled it and whirled it,
Deftly he threw it,
Straight as an arrow,
Swift as an eagle,
Hard as the lightning,
The Thunderer threw it.
But Sven the Sword
Quickly stepped to one side,
As the hammer of Thor
Whizzed through the air.
Deftly he caught it,
Straight back he threw it,
Whirling and twirling.
Thor stood aghast,

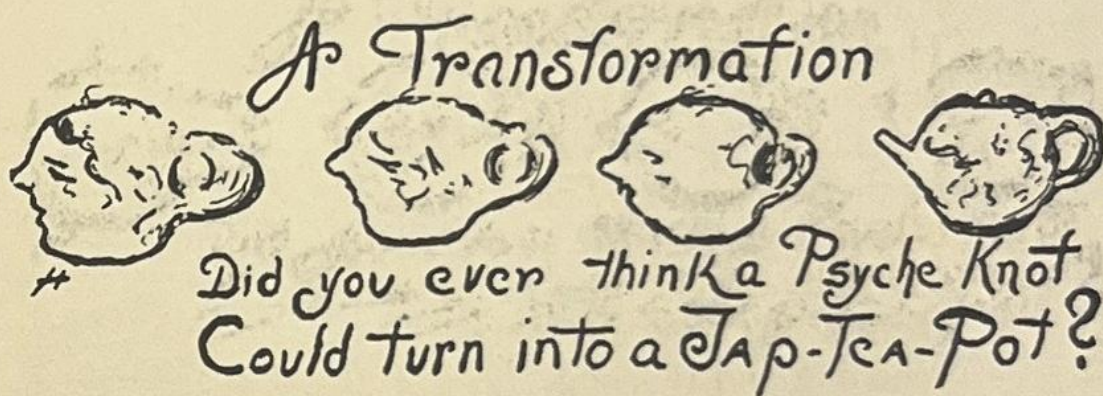
Surprised was the Thunderer,
 Stood he amazed.
 And so unprepared was he,
 That the hammer struck him.
 Down he fell, gasping.
 Then ran to him Sven,
 Stood he above him,
 His sword at his breast.
 'Confess thou art conquered!
 Cried Sven of the Sword.
 Then said the Thunderer:
 'Know'st thou not
 That no God may die?
 Then put up thy sword,
 I confess myself conquered.
 And when thou diest,
 Then shall I see thee more,
 Then shall I praise thee to all other Gods,
 Then shall I honor thee,
 Then shall I love thee.'

The Fox and the Goose

A goose strayed away from home, where she met an old fox. He was very hungry and looked longingly at the goose. The goose scuttled away, with the fox in pursuit. Suddenly they came to a ditch. The goose was beginning to fly across. "Snake! Snake!" screams the fox. "I'd as lief be eaten by a snake as a fox," said the goose, as she flew across.

MORAL: Take care of to-day and to-morrow will take care of itself.

R. W. RATHVON, A3.

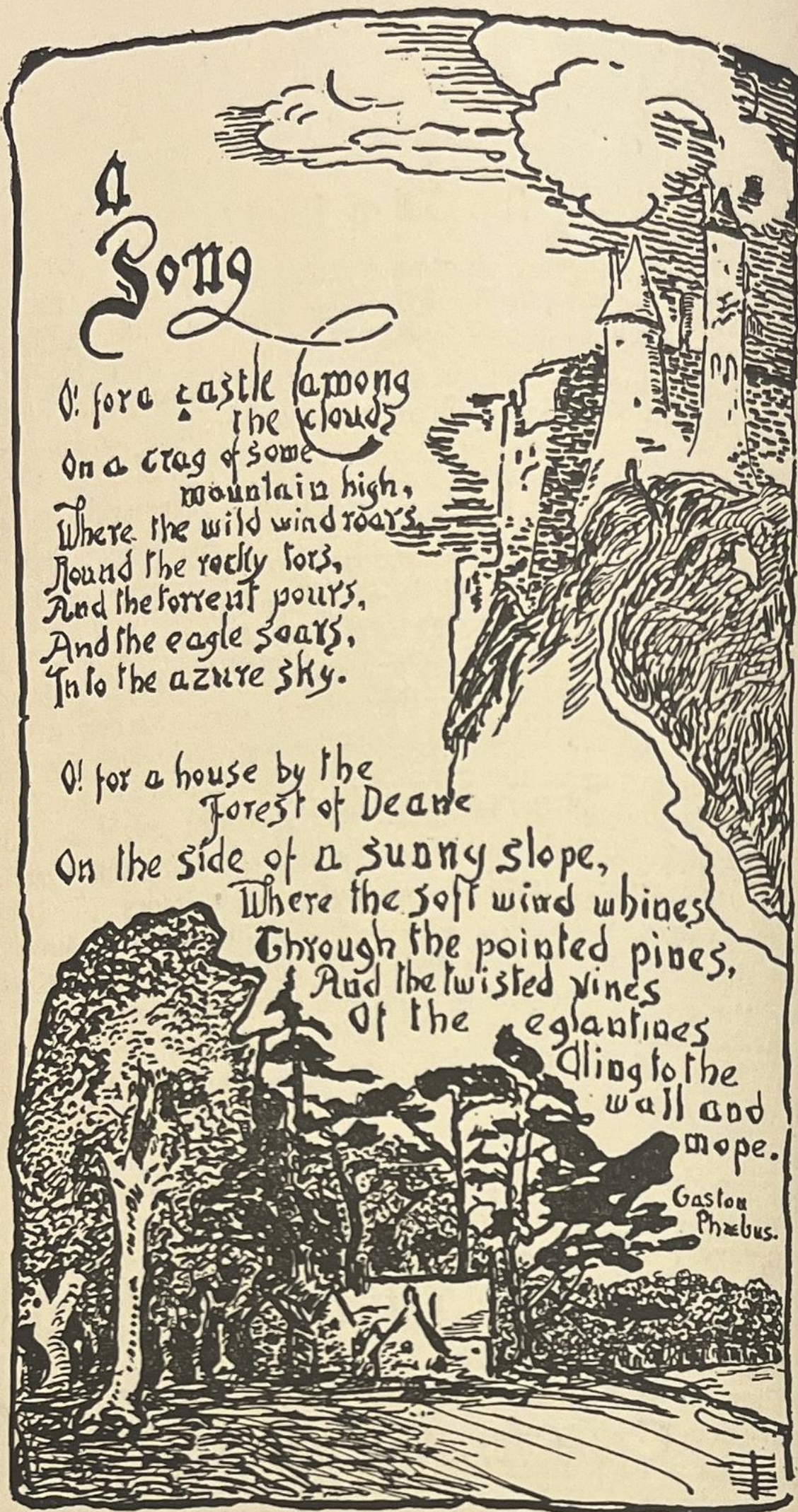


A Song

O! for a castle among
the clouds
On a crag of some
mountain high,
Where the wild wind roars,
Round the rocky tors,
And the torrent pours,
And the eagle soars,
Into the azure sky.

O! for a house by the
Forest of Deane
On the side of a sunny slope,
Where the soft wind whines
Through the pointed pines,
And the twisted vines
Of the clematis
Cling to the
wall and
mope.

Gaston
Phœbus.



The Girl of 1909

Feminine Washington doubtless considers F street its most reliable fashion plate, but the masculine reader of this article may behold sights and wonders without wandering from his native haunts. By taking his position on the curb at the corner of Seventh street and Rhode Island avenue one may there behold feminine fashion in all her guises entering the doors of M. M. T. S.

From the vantage ground of the lamp post the masculine ignoramus watches a tall, charming girl ascend the steps, and thrills with horror to observe that this beauty has no hips at all! He is not much reassured by the sophisticated explanation of the boy who has a sister. "Huh! That's the Style!" But one had a hazy notion that a "Style" was the caterpillary sort of thing that girls wear around their necks. However, that idea is promptly buried before the rather ambiguous assurance of the knowing one. But here comes another group of the genus girl, or—is it——? Yes, I guess they are girls, though an inexperienced spectator might take them for stuffed pigeons, their sleeves are so tight and the collars so high, and they are trying *so* hard to look quite comfortable.

Those collars! Oh, they may talk all they want to about the chances a fellow has to be a hero, but half the things some novel heroes do aren't in it with wearing one of those chokers with the brass band around the top. The fellow with the sister says that that's a "bias" band, whatever that is, but I know that you can hear it and those waterfall things that they wear on top of them a block down the street.

We poor, dazed ones, who wear just plain coat and trousers, by this time are clinging to our old friend, the lamp post, for support, watching every car with a forlorn hope that some girl who looks like just plain girl will get off. There are two of the sweet creatures smiling at each other on the steps, and one of them, after pecking the other daintily on the cheek, exclaims, "Oh! what a darling Psyche knot!" Adding, with sweet maliciousness, "I didn't know you had enough hair to make one." As the door swings to behind them we look at each other with inane joy. So, *that's* what they call the doorknob effect that sticks out so invitingly behind them! A Psyche! But we are still in doubt up to our necks as concerns the

name of the wavy hair that may or may not be applique—they say those sweet curls and puffs the girls used to wear were.

But aren't they just too sweet for anything when they get all dressed up with great big upside-down meat platters on their heads, with hatpins jabbed through everything, so that the hair and hat will make connections! And, say, that's another thing that puzzles me. Seems to me the hats keep growing bigger, and the hair underneath keeps up with it. How do you account for that? They certainly are wonders. One is touched with a feeling of awe at the production with its mass of birds and flowers and long flaunting quills and plumes, ever ready to sweep the dust from some window and audaciously tickle the nose of bewildered and admiring (?) mankind.

Suggestions for Hand and Mind

By KIMMEL, FI.

An Irishman, after having severe trouble with an alarm clock, decided to open it and find its fault. On so doing, he perceived a dead roach lying between the works. "Faith!" exclaimed he, "no wunder th' t'ing wundn't wurk, the engineer's dead!"

A school teacher, trying to teach a little boy the directions, said: "Now, Johnnie, the North is in front of you, the East to the right of you, the West to the left of you; now, what's behind you?" Johnnie began crying.

"What's the matter, Johnnie?" said the teacher.

"I told mamma that you'd see them two patches back there!" was the answer.

Look hyar, nigger, if you hits me I'll bus' you ober de hade wid dis here skillet, and if you don't fall I'se gwine around behind yo' and see what's holding you up.

A youth at the Technical High,
Wore a pompadour reaching the sky;
But when he got ready
And called on his steady
She said, "You look just like a guy."

The Elusive Private

The newly made Corporal looked his squad over with satisfaction. It was good to be a Corporal.

"Corporal's report," he heard the First Sergeant say from the head of the company, faintly it seemed to him. He heard the Corporals, one by one, say, "All here." It was his turn.

"All——," when he happened to see the rear rank. There was no one in Number Two's position.

"Where's Number Two?" he demanded fiercely of the rear rank in general.

"What Number Two?" queried the rear rank in chorus, "he's here." And, lo, Number Two was there.

"Eyes to the front," said the Corporal, gruffly, to hide his wonder; and to the First Sergeant's insistent "Corporal's report," answered, "All here."

It certainly was queer. He was perfectly sure that he had seen Number Two in the first place, and then he was just as sure that he hadn't been there afterward. And then, most wonderful of all, he had seen Number Two where he hadn't been before—appear—the Corporal didn't exactly know how to express it. He glanced at Number Two. He was just an ordinary boy, no different from Number One or Number Three. Had he really seen it after all, or had it merely been a dream—an imagination?

Then he fancied that he saw Number Two's eyes twinkle, and that his mouth twitched in amusement that he was trying to hide. The Corporal didn't like it, so he said: "Get the dress, there," and resolved to banish the matter from his mind.

Five minutes later the First Sergeant came, slowly down toward his squad, poking about suspiciously, it seemed to the Corporal, trying to find something wrong. At last he reached the Corporal's squad.

"Where's Number Two?" he demanded, "thought you said all here?"

"Did. Number Two's here," said the Corporal.

"Number Two here!" almost shouted the First Sergeant, in amazement. "Where's your eyes?" and he pointed to the rear rank. The Corporal looked back. Number Two's place was vacant.

"Where's Number Two?"

"Why, he hasn't been here to-day," said the rear rank in a surprised tone.

"I saw him," said the Corporal.

"We didn't," asserted the rear rank.

"I'm sure I saw him," the Corporal insisted. "I'd like to know where he's gone."

"He hasn't gone." The voice came from Number Two's place, and yet the place was apparently vacant. The Corporal stared at the First Sergeant; the First Sergeant stared at the rear rank, and the rear rank stared at one another. Again came the voice, but this time it was different.

"Mr. Blank," said the Study-Hall Teacher, severely, "Really, I am surprised at you."

The Corporal rubbed his eyes. The rear rank faded into the Study Hall, Number Two's place became the open door, and instead of the First Sergeant, the Study-Hall Teacher was standing over him.

"I should think you would know better than to go to sleep in school. You are no longer in the Kindergarten, Mr. Blank."

Whereupon the Corporal vowed to eat no more fancy frills for lunch, but to stick to plain food.

ALVIN BROWN, A3.



The McKinley Debating Society

The McKinley Debating Society has now entered upon the third year of its existence. The first year was marked by signal success. Its representatives, in a series of debates with the other Washington high schools, proved to be the best and succeeded in capturing the championship without sustaining a single defeat.

Last year, although the championship was not won by our school, the society was not idle, nor was its work fruitless. The members derived much benefit by participating in and listening to the various debates. They started with but a slight knowledge of argumentation and developed into accomplished debaters, as was evident to all those attending the debates.

This year the society hopes to accomplish much good and achieve high honors. It has enrolled a great deal of promising material, which, under the able direction of Miss Forbes, can be quickly rounded into shape. Every pupil is urged to become a member. In so doing he will gain useful knowledge and profitable experience.

It has been planned to conduct a number of debates in rapid succession, for the purpose of selecting the team to represent this school in the championship series. These debates, the first of which scheduled for November 24, was held in the Assembly Hall. The subjects will all prove interesting and some amusing. All are invited to attend. Come and show your appreciation.

The following officers have been elected for the ensuing year: President, Rodney M. Smith; vice-president, Walter Zirple; recording secretary, Miss Cora R. Corning; corresponding secretary, Wm. Weil; treasurer, Clarence Benson; critic, Herbert L. Burgess; sergeant-at-arms, Walter Richard.

Miss White (in Cooking Class)—“Where is the reserve reservoir?”

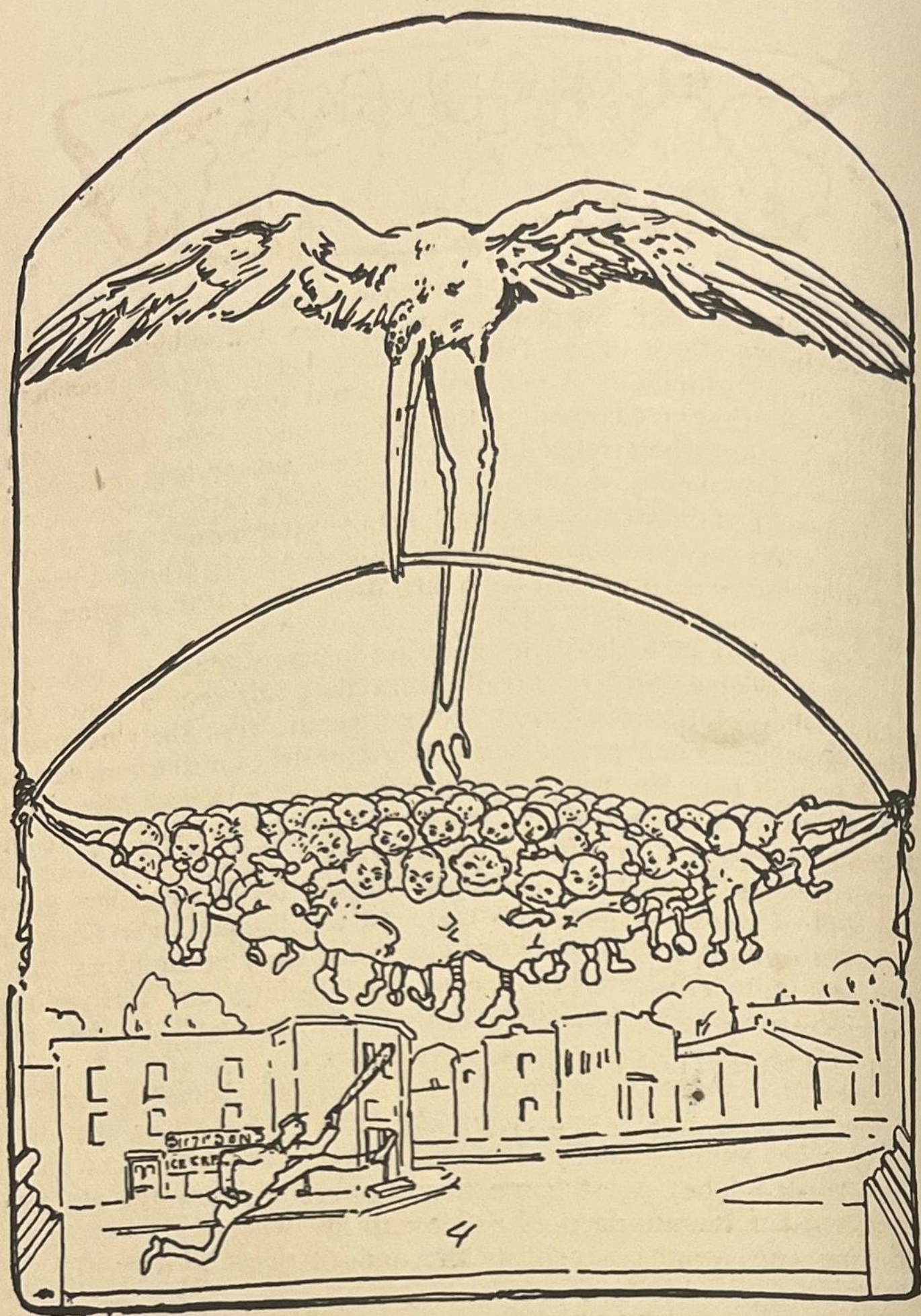
Miss Galliher (aside)—“Alexandria.”

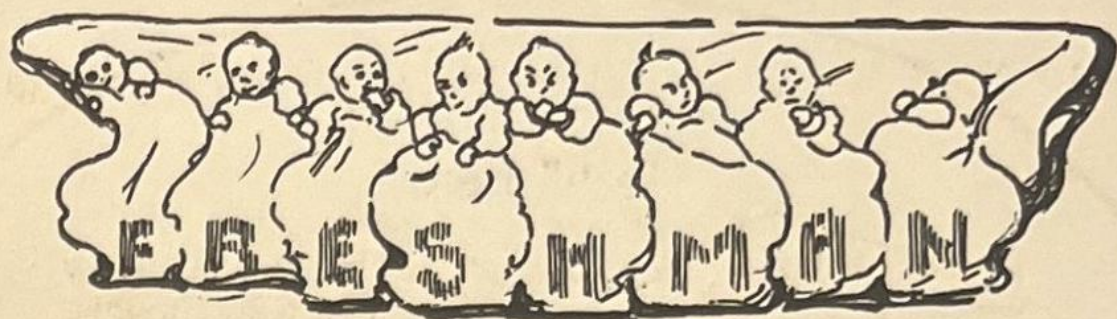
Freshman—“Can you tell me why that professor on the top floor has all those letters tacked after his name?”

Senior—“Oh, yes, that shows that he got there by degrees.”

Quiz—“What is that clock on the wall for?”

Mr. Dan—“I’m sure I don’t know.”





A whizz, a thudd, sounds of anguish, ditto paddles, and then a general hubbub. Mr. Stork in his wanderings had suddenly dumped the Freshman Class on the front porch of Tech. Hence the whizz, thudd, and "sounds." They weren't even given a show. Right nobly were they welcomed. Blue-ribbon ones, short tubby ones, lean lank ones, bow-legged, knock-kneed, pigeon-toed and club-footed ones looked just the same to the democratic paddle. Only the babes of the fair sex escaped being "welcomed." The errors of their ways were expounded to the innocents. In fear and trembling they flitted from room to room, their small feet sounding like cart horses on a tin roof.

In the corridors lurked the undergraduates, waiting for a chance to impart advice, and so afraid were they lest they frighten the infants, they scarce whispered above a shout. For the particularly fresh ones H₂O was prescribed and administered at the gentlemanly horse trough over the way. Examinations for telegraph-pole climbing and street sweeping were given. In the former difficult accomplishment the speed attained was remarkable. The fat boy with the worried expression was attended to with all of the customary grace and skill of the undergraduate body. Even the half-year freshmen seemed to take a melancholy delight in assisting in the babes' "first steps to knowledge." The tough, hard-headed one was politely requested to imagine himself a broom, so that wiping up the street with him would be correspondingly easier.

Some of our future graduates were not only babes in name but in fact as well, and many were the infant phenomena that were shown a few things that this hard, cruel world had formerly withheld from them. They were particularly successful in calculating the capacity of a swimming pool \$18 by 16 lbs. when a freshman's size drinking cup weighs a centimeter, and correspondingly very easy examples.

N. B.—Female infants desiring to exhibit their terpsichorean

ability during noon recess please retire as inconspicuously as possible to the third floor corridor.

But with all their faults we love them still (especially the girls).

"Tech" Hero

Tech has turned out many famous athletes, and many pupils famed in other branches of school work, but who thought that it would ever attain a point where it actually could produce people famed as heroes?

This is undoubtedly the case; for when Mr. Gardes of B2 was returning from a recent trip to Norfolk he bestowed upon himself this honor of being a true hero.

He was dressing in his stateroom, when he was suddenly thrown through the door into the adjoining room by the impact from the collision between his steamer, the *Washington*, and the ferry *Lackawanna*.

"I hastily put on a few clothes and ran out on deck to see what was the matter," he said. "There was a thick fog hanging around us and I could hear women and children screaming, and the officer shouting orders. A boat was lowered and I, knowing the men, jumped in with them. I took an oar and we rowed to a lot of floating wreckage, where two women, a child, and a dead man's body were. Steel, glass, splinters, and escaping steam whistled by our ears, and with difficulty we saved the woman and child and got the dead man's body.

"The scene was something horrible. The passengers on the ferry were in a panic; several jumped overboard and were rescued with difficulty. The captain beached the ferry for safety, transferring her passengers to our boat, and we continued our journey to Washington."

On September 21 it was announced to the sadfaced Owls, Roosters, and Geese that they were not to muss the Peacocks' feathers.

It has been proposed that a nursery and lunch room be annexed for the use of certain pupils in D1.

Miss S'w'l (after reading bloodthirsty novel to class in English)—
"What is the point of that story?"

Bright Pupil—"The knife."

SENIORS

FOUCHER '09

In The Beginning was said, "Let there be light." If the next couple of pages don't throw any on the subject, then run down and tell Mr. Thompson to throw in the switch.

Miss Williamson—"Mr. Burgess, do you know what Mr. Houghton means by The Staff?"

Mr. B.—"Perhaps he means the staff of life."

Miss Daly (reading from A4 English paper)—"All birds are bipeds; this is a biped; therefore, this is a bird."

Miss D.—"Suppose this were a man. Then a man is a bird. Well, sometimes he is."

Miss White—"Miss R., why is fruitcake so indigestible?"

Miss R., A4—"Because it has so many things in it."

(Notice being read to B4.)

Mr. Daniel—"Attention, boys! there will be a——"

Miss Middleton (interrupting him by punch and stare).

Mr. D. (continuing)—"none of your business."

(Wanted to know, by Mr. Mattern)—What is home without a mother; what is chemistry without Miss Dellwig?

Mr. Daniel—"Well, Brown, you are late again this morning. Furnace fire this time, too?"

Mr. B.—"No, had to go see a colored girl."

The members of the Friday Evening Copper Shop Class gladly dropped the hammer when upon one occasion Mr. Whitbeck entered the room with a jug (not a jag), exclaiming, "Boys, my treat."

Mr. Daniel—"In the solution of this problem what is it that we are really looking for?"

Mr. Rich—"The answer."

A member of B₄, having lost his last cent on Bryan, yet determined not to walk home that cold election morning, boarded a car in this penniless condition.

The Conductor—"Did I get your fare?"

He—"I suppose you did. I never heard you ring it up."

Mr. Daniel—"The absentees to-day are the Blooming boys."

Miss Nash (in chemistry)—"You treat——"

Mr. Mattern—"How do you know what I do? My ways are past finding out."

Mr. Bloom (relative to his method of solution, and positive as to its soundness)—"That's right! That's right!"

Mr. Daniel—"Bloom, you are just showing your ignorance."

Mr. Bloom (continuing)—"That's right!"

M. Whitbeck (anxious to make a deal with Campbell)—"I have a fine automatic rifle I want to sell."

Mr. C.—"What's the matter with it?"

The mathematics periods of B₄ are very often devoted to the study of physics.

Mr. Daniel (giving lecture on density)—"Whether the cause be natural stupidity, or disinclination to do what you are told, I know not, but the result is that you fellows have heads like brick walls."

Miss Muckenhoupt (concerning conjugations)—"What person are you, Mr. Baumer?"

Mr. B.—"First."

Miss M.—"You act like the ninth or sixteenth, but I think you'll become the twenty-third."

Mr. Alleger is improving. He received "E" in Domestic Art.

Mr. Daniel—"Repeat what I said, St. Clair."

Mr. St. C.—"I wasn't paying attention; but the thing to do is to square the first expression, etc."

Mr. D.—"That's correct. Great minds run in the same channel, and so do canal boats."

(As seen on the board the morning of the Wednesday, after the Tuesday, after the first Monday)—Hurrah for Brine!

Miss Calhoun (in Domestic Art)—"Girls, stop talking! I can't hear my own ears."

Heard in Chemistry:—

"Mr. Luebker, of what company are you captain?"

Mr. L.—"Company D."

Mr. Mattern—"Just keep that letter in mind."

Mr. Besson of B4 is still known as Doubting Thomas.

It has subsequently been suggested that he "Ask Mr. Foster" or "Buy of House and Herrmann."—Rocking horses are so cheap now!

Mr. Sunderland (giving talk on micrometers)—"This is a very good instrument, worth about five dollars, made by the Slocum——"

Captain Hutterly (interrupting)—"Slocum or soak 'em?"

What we learn:—

In Machine Shop recently, when a detachment of Beforers nestled in one corner of the room and attempted to produce a little harmony, the following was overheard (but with difficulty):

Chaucerian Student—"Harke! smale fowles maken melodye."

Physicist—"No melody at all—lack of concordant vibrations."

Burke Student—"Yep—rather an incongruous mixture."

Mr. Sunderland—"Here, here, boys, stop that! The Doctor will be down here soon."

Let us be good.



Mr. Smith (in C3 Steam)—“Mr. Heine, what do you know about the lesson?”

(Silence.)

Mr. Smith—“The continuous flat coil method is the most effective for heating, is it not?”

Mr. Heine—“Yes, sir.”

Mr. Smith—“In the manifold coil it is difficult to keep steam tight, is it not?”

Mr. Heine “Yes, sir (I guess so).”

Mr. Smith—“Good! That’s sufficient.”

Overheard in Domestic Art:—

Miss Pratt—“I could not go to the dance on Hallowe’en because I had appendicitis in the eighth grade.”

Mr. Mattern—“Mr. Shanks, does Mr. Weil live in Georgetown?”

Mr. Shanks—“No, he lives in Alexandria.”

Miss Muckenhoupt—“A straw ride in the country may be made very exciting.”

A3 wonders if she has had any experience.

Mr. Frazier (in German class)—“Oh, yes, I know what beer glasses are.”

Mr. Shanks has a laboratory in Georgetown for the manufacture of dumic acid.

Mrs. Calhoun (in Study Hall)—“Friends, on leaving Study Hall when you go upstairs keep to your left, and when you go down keep to your right, to avoid confusion.”
We thank Mrs. Calhoun for her advice. It may prove valuable in time of fire.

Mr. Marsh—“Give an illustration of a chemical change.”
Mr. Klinge (who has white hair)—“The use of peroxide on the hair.”

Mr. G. (in Drawing Class)—“Mr. Buck, will you pose for me?”
M. B.—“If you were going to draw a picture of an angel I might.”

A respected member of A₃ thought that when he held a porcelain dish full of fire in his hand, that he was supporting combustion.

Miss Sanders—“What is a rhombus?”

Mr. Schalk—“A rhombus is an oblique square.”

Mr. T., A₃—“It's very hard to learn ten pages of physics in an hour, isn't it?”

Mr. B.—“Don't know, never tried it.”

Mr. Schalk—“Oh, I know my father all right.”

A very original Junior thought that D. C. (District of Columbia) on the acid bottles meant dilute commercial.

Miss Hartman—“Where is Mr. Winn?”

Mr. Macon—“Winn(d) blew away.”

Mr. Gunion of C₃ looks innocent, but—looks are deceiving.

Pupil of A₃ (in Drawing Class)—“Under what color would you class the smell of gasolene coming out of an automobile?”

The Juniors wish to give Mr. Pusey, A₃, due warning.

Therefore, Mr. P., reap your hay while the sun shines, or beware the horse trough.

SOPHOMORES

GAUCHER 00

Miss Hartman—"See here, old boy, can't you have some system about what you do?"

Mr. Bealle—"I have got a system in my desk."

There is a young person named Hummer,
Whose tendency is to grow glummer,
When told in the class
That she's the one lass
Who seems to get dumber and dumber.

Mr. Conant (explaining work to C2 in Physics)—"If a man shovels two loads of sand into—Mr. Bealle, keep still—a cart, etc."

Illustration of the usefulness of friction, by Physics student:—
"If it were not for friction, Columbus would never have discovered America, for the wind would have slipped right off his sails."

Mr. Marsh (in a bright moment):—

$KI \text{ --|-- } 2S = KISS.$

Voice from the rear: "Mr. Marsh, did you ever prove that equation by experiment?"

Malcom (sitting with his feet in the aisle and chewing gum).

Miss H.—"Take that gum out of your mouth and put your feet in, sir!"

Proctor—"How did you come out in the math. exam?"

Reilly—"I walked out."

Dunbar—"Isn't Proctor slow?"

Walton—"He wasn't the last time I saw him."

Dunbar—"What happened?"

Walton—"The cop was after him."

Bealle—"Where did you go yesterday?"

Thomas—"Fishing."

Bealle—"Did you catch anything?"

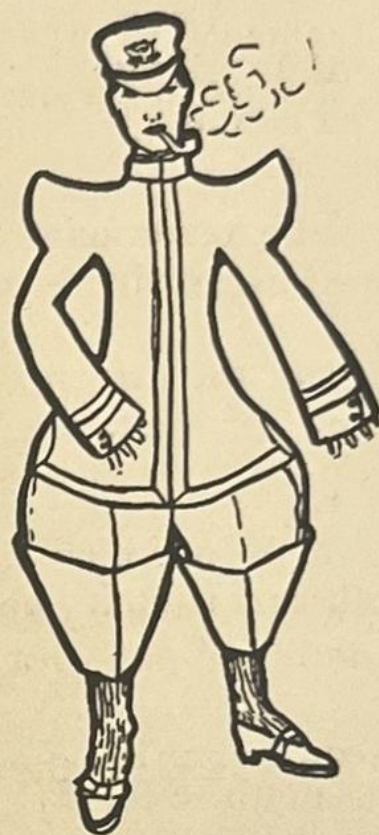
Thomas—"Nothing—'till I got home."

There was a young lady named Brooks,
Who did care so much for her looks.

When asked, "Do you read?"

She said, "No, indeed,
I don't have no time for no books."

Cuffs



I

As would be cadet named Moll
All by himself had a well
That to Tech he would come
In old Washington
And all the girls try to kill

II

One day when in K he chanced
The fellows around him danced
He commenced to fret,
But the horse-trough was wet
And away when the crease in his pants
went

III

On each trouser leg was a cuff
Which the fellows continued to cuff.
But well bring back his smile,
Which is well worth our while
And give him a good pipe to puff



The first "Tech" dance was given, as usual, at Mrs. Dyer's by Mrs. Wise and Mr. Kneessi on Friday, November 6th. We were glad to see so much interest shown in this dance. Keep up the spirit and all come out to the next one.

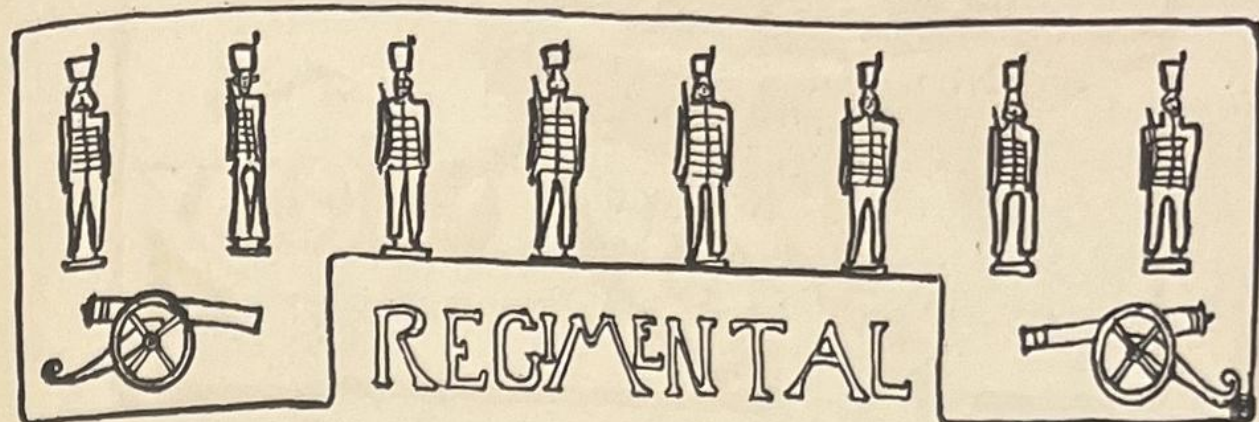
Miss Dorothy Henderson gave a sheet and pillow-case dance Hallowe'en at her home in Brookland. The house was decorated with the appropriate things for Hallowe'en. Every one had a very enjoyable time. Those present were Misses D. Henderson, C. Browne, A. Jones, V. Jones, C. Grandfield, M. Willson, H. Haines, G. Hackett, R. Harpen, M. McIntwiff, V. Krentzlin, M. Ford, Messrs. C. McCubbin, F. Favorite, H. Myers, C. Garrett, R. Bangs, E. Evans, C. Griesbauer, W. H. Thrall, A. Dunn, E. McKenna, J. A. Krentzlin, W. Richards, J. Allen, and Mrs. Henderson.

The John Quill Club of A3 last year will be resumed this year among the A4 girls. The first meeting is to be held at Miss Krentzlin's.

On Friday, October 16th, Mr. Spencer gave an informal dance at his home. Most of the football team were present, and all enjoyed it very much.

The girls of A2 are getting up a German club in which they will learn to sing German songs. Miss Muckenhoupt is at its head, and Miss Corning has volunteered to play for it.

Miss Wyrick (translating German)—"They killed the young wolves until they were dead."



Another school year has rolled around, finding us this year just as we were last November—enthusiastic over the success of Company “D”—and we feel that November of next year is going to find us in precisely the same condition. Whether it will be another “D” again we cannot say—the half hour next Spring before the judges will decide that.

Well, we really have five companies—five good, big, six-squad companies. Five good chances out of twelve to get the pennant. The fifth company has plenty of support, too—something that could not be said of “L” two years ago. If Tech continues this enormous growth, we will have a regiment all to ourselves; then the organization would probably be a brigade, instead of the regiment, and the highest officer would be a general, with a star in his strap.

This year is a particularly interesting one for the organization, for it will obtain the much-wanted honor of being in the inaugural parade. This opportunity only comes once in four years, and the day is looked forward to with a great deal of anticipation. Our organization is famed far and wide in this country, and we are going to do our share in making a fine impression on our visitors.

In the inaugural parade, and in other regimental exercises, Company “D” will have in its possession the most coveted colors. Will one of our companies of next year have this same privilege “D” is having this year by virtue of Capt. Wise’s victory last May? Ah! that brings us down to vital questions. We have every chance in the world to bring the pennant back to dear old Tech, but those chances can be nipped in the bud so easily that we won’t know what has happened until it is too late.

In the first place, there are quite a few men who are under the impression that we have had our turn at the flag, and that we are

sure to fail this Spring. Let us remind you that there were also last year at this time quite a few men of exactly the same opinion. Can you find one of them now? No. When we win next year you won't be able to find the present crowd of pessimistic forecasters who predict our failure with a microscope. Because Tech has won twice, we have every reason to believe that she will win again, for does it take a farseeing mind to perceive that we have in our battalion material from the two prize companies which forms a solid base on which the perfection of the battalion will be developed?

There is another deadly enemy to a well-drilled company, and that is "kidding." You won't find this word in Webster's dictionary, but in our military dictionary it means "the act of indulging in childish pranks under the impression that it is funny." Experience has shown us in previous years that nothing is so detrimental to a company as kidding. It has a general demoralizing effect. The officers are set on winning the drill with all the life and vim and determination that are in them, and such babyish actions as kidding show them that there are in the company some who do not even care whether they win the flag or not, who are really trying to keep the company from winning. How long do you suppose those determined officers are going to stand for anything like that? Kidding is also infectious. Once started, it develops like a forest fire—only a forest fire can't be easily put out. Kidding can be put out, and if it can't be the source can. Oftentimes nearly a whole rank of good, efficient men will be influenced and made fools of by some one or two confirmed babies. So men, the best way to overcome any difficulty of this sort is not to let it get started. Discourage it yourself, if you are one of those in whom Tech puts her faith.

Men, detail is the watchword of the battalion. If you could only understand that nothing—absolutely nothing—will count so much on the drillfield next Spring as detail! Detail is the very essence of good drilling. Work in and perfect the minor points in every movement you execute. Don't slur any movement—it's fatal. You will especially have to practice detail when we begin to drill with arms. The great importance of this detail goes to illustrate the adage that "It's the little things that count."

We have noticed already that there are some men in the battalion who take corrections to heart. If an officer corrects them a little sharply they sulk and brood and make drilling the rest of the day a fizzle. Men, don't take corrections to heart. The officer probably would not remember the instance half an hour. He is looking after

the good of the company and is so intense in his ambition to perfect the company that it is only natural for him to correct the mistake with a little spirit. Remember, it is the mistake he is trying to correct, and he is not trying to "ball you out" just to show his authority. Men of such a nature never obtain commissions in our organization. Therefore, men, take the correction in good old Tech spirit and never repeat the mistake. Don't kid, but master details. Then you are pulling with the officers. We are all pulling the right way, and if we pull hard enough we'll pull Tech on to victory.

The following officers have been appointed:

H. A. Cobaugh, T. H. S., Colonel.

L. C. Weaver, E. H. S., Lieutenant-Colonel.

A. T. St. Clair, T. H. S., Captain and Adjutant.

Captain and Quartermaster (to be appointed).

The Third Battalion officers are:

G. M. Weber, Major.

A. B. Dunn, First Lieutenant and Adjutant.

R. W. Benton, First Lieutenant and Quartermaster.

COMPANY C.

Thos. C. Rathbone, Captain.

R. Bloom, First Lieutenant.

C. C. Benson, Second Lieutenant.

Corporals: J. T. Baugh.

C. W. Stanton, 1st Sergt.

A. G. Bisset.

E. S. Young, 2d Sergt.

R. Cruickshanks.

G. G. Frazier, 3d Sergt.

H. M. Fowler.

J. Graham, 4th Sergt.

W. B. Grigsby.

A. Brown, 5th Sergt.

J. W. Payne.

COMPANY D.

A. T. Leubkert, Captain.

H. M. Spear, First Lieutenant.

H. True, Second Lieutenant.

H. Rotterman, 1st Sergt.

Corporals: W. J. Ahern.

E. F. Klinge, 2d Sergt.

A. L. Bennet.

A. G. Seiler, 3d Sergt.

A. A. Gill.

P. D. Sale, 4th Sergt.

G. D. Grosner.

W. Hurd, 5th Sergt.

W. V. Wilson.

COMPANY K.

C. E. Edwards, Captain.

L. H. Brown, First Lieutenant.

C. R. Hodges, Second Lieutenant.

Corporals: J. W. England.

L. C. Hough, 2d Sergt.

D. B. Howard.

H. W. Harrison, 3d Sergt.

R. M. Herrington.

W. S. Trigg, 4th Sergt.
L. B. Pusey, 5th Sergt.

W. A. Richards.
S. Shappiro.

COMPANY L.

W. R. Milburn, First Lieut.

W. L. Lockwood, Second Lieut.
Corporals:

A. Cruickshanks, 1st Sergt.
H. R. Harr, 2d Sergt.
P. V. Rogers, 3d Sergt.
E. Schalk, 4th Sergt.
B. Lohr, 5th Sergt.

E. S. Brown.
H. Henry.
A. M. King.
E. Levy.
I. Loveless.
T. Tyler.

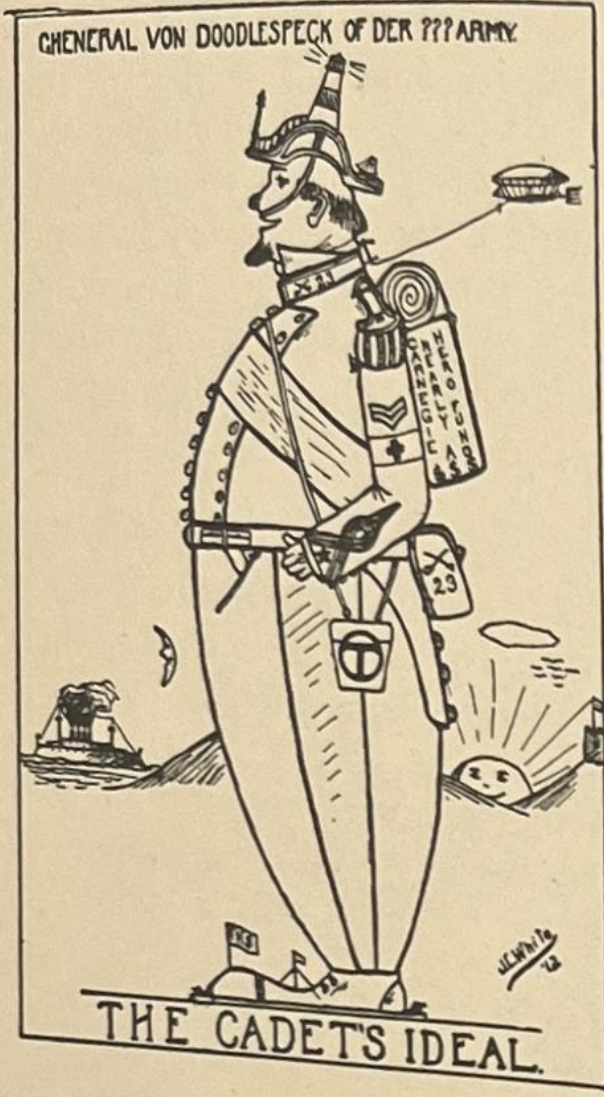
COMPANY M.

J. B. Corridon, Captain.
K. Hartig, First Lieutenant.

E. M. Jeffery, Second Lieutenant.
Corporals:

E. R. Henning, 1st Sergt.
Geo. Lewis, 2d Sergt.
H. C. Burrhus, 3d Sergt.
L. C. Teachum, 4th Sergt.
P. L. Collins, 5th Sergt.

E. J. Cassleman.
P. Bredekamp.
E. Disney.
F. B. Netherland.
E. B. Thomas.
F. W. McCarthy.



The Race Between William J. Bryan and William Taft

One bright November morning, long ago in 1908, the animal kingdom was all astir. Something very important seemed to be in the wind. By inquiries it was found that a race was to be held that afternoon between the mule, Bill Bryan, and the elephant, Bill Taft. Of course, both contestants had their supporters and admirers. Hence wagers were made on all sides, some in favor of Bryan and some in favor of Taft, since betting always accompanies any event on this order. The fact that the winner of the race was to become ruler of the kingdom for the next four years made the race more interesting. It was, however, a recognized fact by all that the winner would be "Bill."

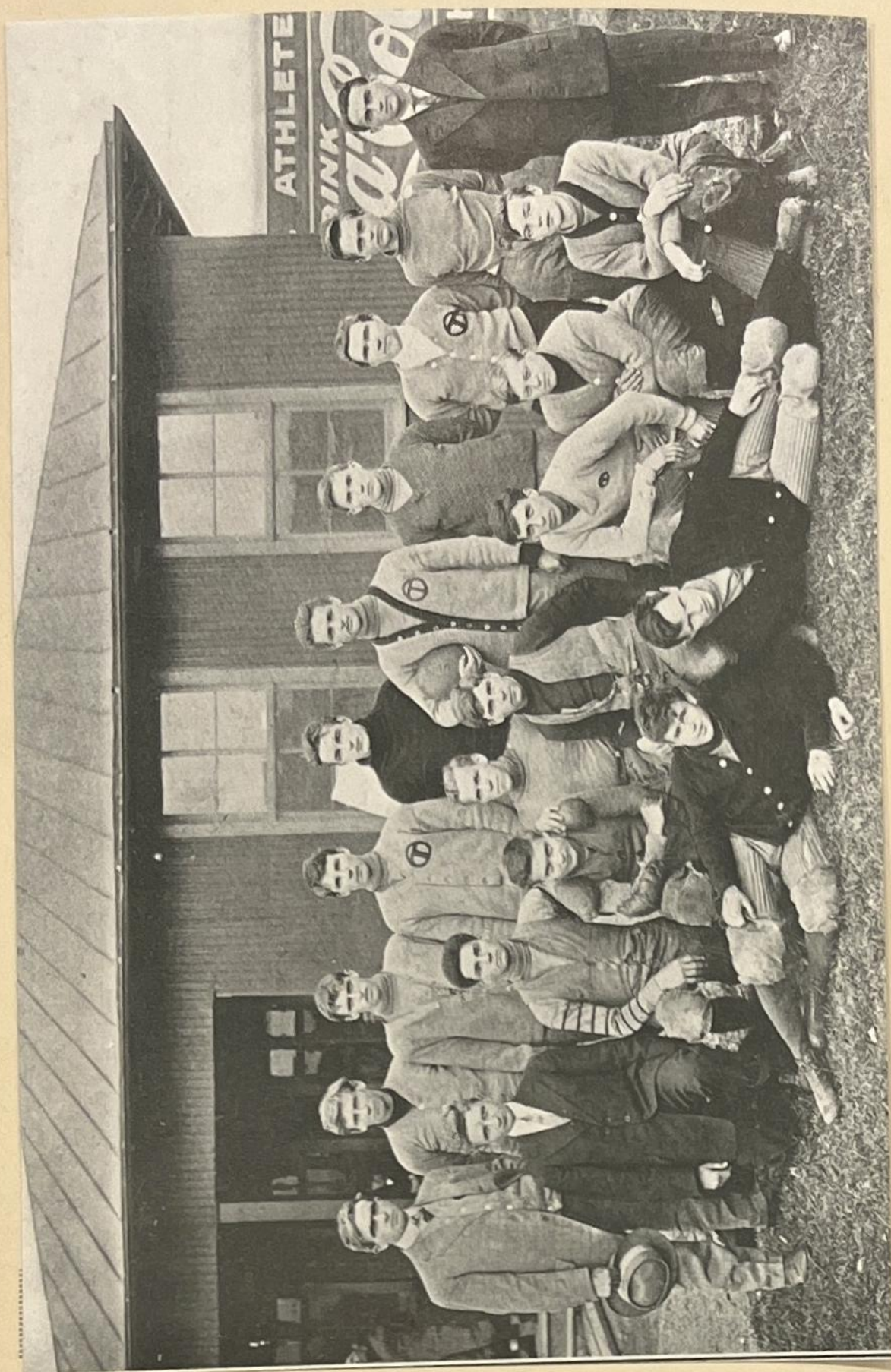
Before the race each contestant made a speech from his respective platform. So enthusiastic was the crowd that it cheered for many minutes, for both the mule and the elephant. Suddenly the cheering ceased, for at that moment the rivals lined up for the race. At the crack of the pistol held by the bear, Roosevelt, they were off!

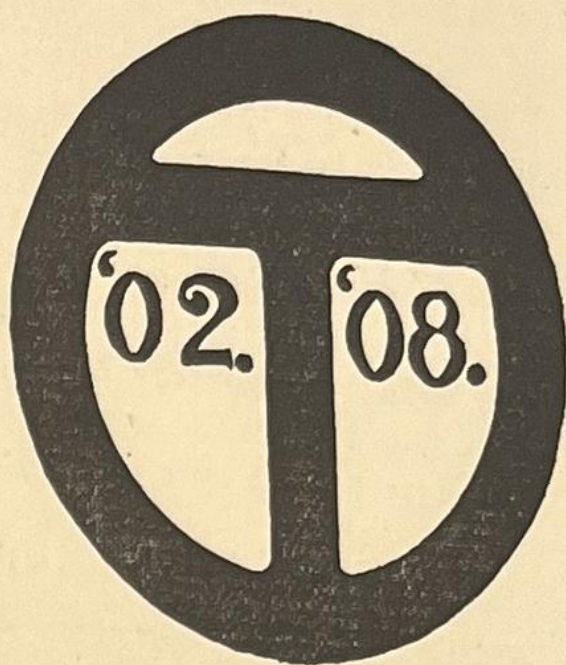
Down the course they went, first one in the lead and then the other. The mule, however, was ahead most of the time; in fact, he made the elephant so uneasy that that gentleman was heard to remark to a *Heralder* who followed the races, "I wonder if that mule will balk." But all know that history tells this generation that, although the mule lost, this was not the cause. While nearing the finish the rivals were surrounded by the many denizens of the wood. Some, in their eagerness, aided the elephant in crossing the finish by shoving him. In so doing they hindered the mule from finishing first.

Although this was the real reason for Taft's victory, many attributed it to the fact that Bryan was too played out to win, he having previously run for twelve years. But why bother about the cause of the way it terminated? It is all over and cannot be undone, since it happened many moons ago.

N. B.—Do not consider these representations to stand for characteristics of the real contestants—that is, slowness for the one, and *avoiirdupois* for the other. This is only a "nature fake."

Miss Hartmann—"Why is Winn absent to-day?—Oh, perhaps he forgot to come to school."





Foot Ball

The call for football candidates at the opening of school this year was responded to by one of the largest squads Tech has ever had. For the first week or two we had three full teams, which, however, as is always the case, soon dwindled down to about twenty men. Those first few weeks were very blue ones, for Tech's athletics was vainly struggling along on one leg. In other words, the team lacked its old running mate, Mr. Hecox. The only thing that kept things going was the indispensable service of Thrall and Brewster of last year's team, who so generously gave up their afternoons to coach the team. We admire them for their school patriotism and wish to thank them heartily. However, "Hicks" is with us now and things look very promising for another championship team. This will be decided when we meet Western on November 10th.

Our first game of the season was with the Episcopal High School at Alexandria. We were defeated. This game enabled Mr. Hecox to get a line on the fellows and see what they could really do under fire. During this game our promising quarterback sustained an

injury of such a serious nature that he will not be able to play again this year, a thing which we regret far more than the losing of the game. Score 16—5.

Our second game, which proved to be a victory for us, was against the Maryland Agricultural College. It was the first time that Tech had ever downed the "Aggies." The game was slow and awkward, as we were badly in need of a quarterback and ends. Score 6—5.

TECH VS. BUSINESS

Before we opened the championship series with Business, we had materially strengthened our team by the appearance of two last year's baseball stars, Grey and Kelley. Grey was put to work at end and Kelley took Thrall's job at quarterback; so when the whistle blew for the kickoff Tech was represented by a much stronger team than was expected.

The contest started when McCarthy kicked off to Smith, who



AT THE GAME WITH THE ORANGE TEAM. IN VA.

brought the ball back fifteen yards. Business could do nothing in its first line-up against our strong team and lost the ball on downs.

Tech took the ball and by smashing the line and by one or two end runs, soon had a touchdown. Small kicked goal. Score 6—0.

Business received the kick, but was forced to punt, and Tech,

gaining possession of the ball, started for another touchdown. Business braced a little after this and by punting kept Tech from scoring but once more in the first half. Score 12—0.

Tech came back strong in the second half, sweeping the discouraged Business team off its feet. We made five to ten yards every rush through the line and twenty to twenty-five around the ends, netting five more touchdowns before time was called. Small kicked the goal each time, making its final score 42—0.

Although Business had one of the best teams she has had in years, it proved to be no match for the weight and spirit which always characterize our teams.

Tech.

Tew.....	Right end.....	<i>Business.</i>
Small.....	Right tackle.....	Howard
Spransy.....	Right guard.....	Schmidt
Morris.....	Center.....	Pyles
Edwards, Smith.....	Left guard.....	Rathbone
McCarthy.....	Left tackle.....	Shore
Gray, Farmer.....	Left end.....	Van Dwyn
Kelly.....	Quarter back.....	Stentz
Bullough.....	Right half back.....	Franklin
Spencer, Goldsmith.....	Left half back.....	Rawlings
Macon.....	Full back.....	Scott
		Gregory

TECH VS. CENTRAL.

It did us all good to see Tech defeat our old rival Central again this year, and although the score was only 12—0, our goal was never in danger, which shows that we had both a strong offense and defense.

The game opened by Tech kicking to Central, which was only able to advance the ball a few yards. Central finally punted, and Tech, getting the ball, started down the field for a touchdown. On Central's 25-yard line Tech made a forward pass to Farmer, who by speedy legwork and clever dodging placed the ball behind the goal post for the first touchdown. Small kicked the goal. Score 6—0.

Central again received the kickoff, but was soon forced to punt. Tech ran the ball back a distance, then lost it on a forward pass. Central here made a long run across the field and lost about a yard. The two teams hung in Central's territory for a while, Tech losing the ball on either fumbles or penalties. Pretty soon Tech took a brace and, aided by a long run of Spransy's, was soon in striking distance of Central's goal, with three yards to go for a touchdown.

Macon was pushed over for the second score and Small again kicked goal. Score 12—0.

With about five minutes to play, McCarthy again kicked to Central and Tech soon had the ball on Central's twenty-yard line. By these good gains Tech was going straight for another touchdown. But time was called when they reached the 10-yard line.

In the second half Central came back a little stronger, and by the aid of many heavy penalties was able to keep Tech from scoring. In this half Tech continued to make good gains. Spransy and Spransy both made spectacular runs, the latter crossing the goal line once, but was called back on account of a foul. Central, by getting off two pretty forward passes, once reached our 25-yard line, this being the nearest she ever got, for the second half closed with the ball in Tech's possession and in Central's territory: Line-up:

<i>Tech.</i>		<i>Central.</i>
Farmer.....	Right end.....	Howard
Small.....	Right tackle.....	Spransy
Spransy.....	Right guard.....	Vinton
Morris.....	Center.....	Morsell
Smith.....	Left guard.....	Witten
McCarthy.....	Left tackle.....	Lancaster
Gray.....	Left end.....	Rollins
Kelly.....	Quarter back.....	Pistol
Bullough.....	Right half back.....	McKeever (capt.)
Spenser, Benson.....	Left half back.....	Gripp
Macon.....	Full back.....	Menefee

TECH VS. WOODBERRY FOREST.

Tech played her annual game with the Woodberry Forest School at Orange, Va., and being badly handicapped by the loss of McCarthy, Bullough and Tew, were defeated by the score of 26 to 6. The Virginians were hard ball players, but under favorable conditions Tech could have made a much better showing. In the last few minutes our boys took a wonderful brace and advanced the ball to the opponents' one-yard line, where the teams had a little discussion, and time was called before things could be straightened out.

TECH AGAIN THE CHAMPIONS

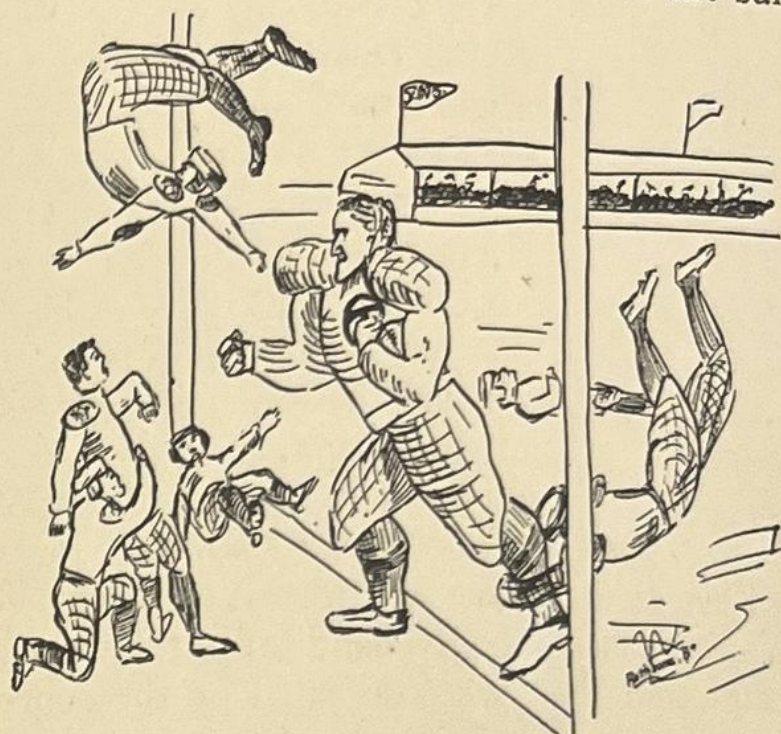
When Tech defeated the much-heralded Western team by the convincing score of 33 to 0, she again proved herself the champion in High School football. She stands in a class by herself, for her

goal has never been in danger, and only twice have her opponents been able to make a first down during the whole series.

It was not two minutes after the kickoff when Spencer broke through the line, and with the aid of a good interference ran 65 yards for a touchdown. Small kicked goal. Score 6-0.

This seemed rather to put new strength into Western, instead of disheartening them, for a little later Tech made six violent attempts for another touchdown and each time was held. Soon, however, it began to tell on them, and Tech, by collecting all her strength, rushed the ball over for the second touchdown. Small missed the goal, leaving the score 11 to 0, which remained so during the rest of the half.

In the second half Tech came back very strong. Western had very little chance to try her wonderful tricks, but the few times they were attempted they resulted either in the loss of the ball or loss of



much ground. On the other hand, Tech went through Western's line steadily for large gains, with Spencer in particular tearing off yard after yard. Spransy and Bullough each made a good run of about 20 yards and placed the ball behind the goal for touchdowns. The other two touchdowns were made by Spencer and Small, and this completed Tech's scoring. When the whistle blew for the end of the game, Western was fighting gamely, with Tech rapidly approaching their goal. Line-up:

Tech.

Western.

Gray.....Left end.....Smith

McCarthy.....	Left tackle.....	Watson
Smith, Bullough.....	Left guard.....	Gutherz
Morris.....	Center	Robinson
Spransy.....	Right guard.....	Fisher
Small.....	Right tackle.....	Donovan
Farmer.....	Right end.....	Garner
Kelly.....	Quarter back.....	Guy
Goldsmith, Bullough.....	Left half back.....	Schofield
Spencer.....	Right half back.....	Obenchain
Macon.....	Full back.....	May



FACULTY

H. P. Moore D.

It is only natural we should be interested in our Faculty during vacation as well as the school time; so in view of this fact we have published the numerous and varied ways in which our teachers spent their Summer months.

Dr. Myers went to New York, then to Massachusetts, where he attended Clarke University. Later he visited Lowell and Boston.

Miss Sewell, who is one of our new English teachers, is a graduate of Mt. Holyoke College. Before coming here she taught English at Wilson College, Chambersburg, Pa.

The only possible reason we can think of why Miss Freyhold did not study during vacation was the Summer played too capriciously with the thermometer. She decided to go to Boston as the next best place to a college.

Mr. Daniels spent his vacation in Loudoun county, Virginia, which is commonly called "God's country," but had to hurry home to look after his flowers.

Miss White spent the Summer in Nova Scotia. While looking around, maybe for good receipts, she visited a most interesting settlement along St. Mary's Bay. Here are the descendants of the Acadians, who returned after they had been driven away by the English. These Acadians retain the customs which were prevalent in the time of Evangeline.

Miss Plant, whom we all remember with so much pleasure, is taking a postgraduate course at the University of California.

Miss Forbes, we understand, led the "simple life" near Philadelphia, which is not hard to do in that vicinity.

Miss Daly spent the Summer in the Adirondacks.

Miss Cross went to Clifton Springs, New York.

Miss Middleton returned to her home, Eagle Grove, Iowa.

Mrs. Hildreth decided she wanted to visit some of the noted places around Washington, so she went to Warrenton, Va.

Miss Ellis, one of our new teachers, is a graduate of Women's College, Baltimore, and Columbia, New York. She has taught in both Kearny and Plainfield, N. J.

Mr. Adams went to Connecticut, New Hampshire, Maine and Massachusetts. Dr. Myers and he visited the Lowell Textile School and cotton cloth mills to see how technical education is applied in both cases.

Last July Mr. Adams was married at North Woodstock, Conn., returning to Washington by sea.

Mrs. Calhoun visited Braddock Heights and several places in the mountains of Maryland.

Miss Dalton spent most of the Summer in Atlantic City. She went to Brooklyn and New York. While in Brooklyn she visited Pratt Institute to see the work that was being done along the lines of Domestic Art.

Miss Solomons stayed in Elberon, N. J., which is on the Atlantic coast. In the early fall she visited New York city.

Miss McCollm returned to her home at Fort Dodge, Iowa. She also went to Niagara Falls and New York.

Miss Saunders spent the Summer in Chelsea, N. J., motoring to Washington from there about the middle of September.

Mr. Mattern says that during his many interesting visits of last Summer none was more gratifying than the one made to a leading technical school in western Pennsylvania, where he was introduced as coming from the great technical school of the country.

Mr. Marsh attended the American Chemical Society meeting at New Haven, Conn.; then went to Boston, and came home by H₂O.

Miss Heath went to the noted Sweet Chalybeate Springs of Virginia, afterwards going to Frederick and Harper's Ferry.

Mr. Conant, a new teacher in the Physics Department, is a graduate of Harvard, and was an instructor at Thornton Academy, Saco, Maine.

Mr. Rippey, Mr. Woodard, Mr. White and Mr. Birch spent part of their vacations making plans or designs for the addition to Tech.

Miss Deal studied at Columbia during the summer session and later went to the Thousand Islands, returning to Washington by way of Toronto and Montreal.

Mr. Sunderland, in order to keep in practice to train the "Tech Orchestra," played with Weaver's Regimental Band at Luna Park.

Miss Shipman made quite an extended tour in Europe, sailing from New York on the sixth of June for Naples. After staying in Italy for five weeks she went to Germany, where she took the "Ausflug" course. Ask Miss Shipman what it is; she can give you some interesting data. She also attended the International Art Congress in London, going from there to several of the English watering places. She suggests that while one is traveling in England a cake of sapolio is a necessary article to prevent the encounter of the "terrible black hand," which is not met with in the fair land of Italy.

Mr. Many had a "fascinating" studio in the Catskills.

Dr. Hedrick spent part of his vacation in Winchester.

One of our new teachers is an old Techite, captain of Company K, '04, and a graduate of that year, namely, Mr. Butman. Mr. Butman attended Dartmouth College at Hanover, N. H., and also Cornell.

Mr. Hecox coached the Virginia Boat Club at Richmond, Va.

Miss Stauffer, a new English teacher of Tech., is a graduate of Mt. Holyoke. She has taught in the northwestern part of New York.

Miss DeLand traveled abroad this Summer, visiting England, Germany and France. While in England Miss DeLand attended the International Art Convention, which was held in London.

Mrs. Doherty went to Mouhegan, which is fifteen miles out to sea from the coast of Maine. This island is a mile wide and one and a half miles long. It is believed that this island is the top of a mountain, caused by a landslide or volcano.

Miss Baldwin spent the early part of the Summer in New York, Dover and South Orange. The latter part of the Summer she was camping at Beach Lake, Pennsylvania.

We have heard in our "childhood days" of "The house that Jack built," but the most modern of houses which we hear about at Tech is "The house which Mr. Pigott built" during his summer vacation, and it was not an "air castle."

Once again the student body of our school and some of the teachers as well, could hardly keep still in their seats at the first general assembly in our new hall which was held on November 10th, when our popular and progressive "Tech" Orchestra favored us with the latest music, including "Sweet Sixteen," two-step and "Kerry Mills' Barn Dance." They did it with a dash that would do credit to the professional musician, and the "Spirit of Tech" seemed to inspire

every performer. It is said that Mr. Sunderland, the large man who wields the little baton so gracefully, has been requested not to play the "Barn Dance" again, because, as one teacher expressed it, "it would simply be impossible to keep the pupils in their seats."

The orchestra suffered the loss of some of its best performers among the graduates of 1908: Lansburgh and Chatfield, who have gone to the University of Pennsylvania; Zebbley, who is showing the National Electrical Company how to sell goods; Esdorf, with the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company, drawing pictures of hello girls; Webster, crying our "Evening Star;" King, who moved to the New England States, and last but not least, our genial and "Wiene wurst" face Lepper, who is going to George Washington University and will soon be coming up to our school to show "Uncle Louie" either how to run the Chemistry Department or make hot dog and sweitzer cheese sandwiches.

But there is always a silver lining to every cloud, and while we miss the familiar faces of our faithful boys and wish them well in their new field, still we cannot help but congratulate ourselves on the excellent new talent that has come into the orchestra. First, may I mention our always faithful and efficient clerk, Miss Middleton, who presides over the piano with her usual grace, and is a worthy successor of Chatfield. And then the "Wind-jammers!" There is Mr. White who, the boys thought, was so busy giving them F — or riding back and forth on the "Ghost line," better known as the famous Brightwood line, that he didn't have time to toot a horn, but he fooled them all. We may look forward to hearing a Levy or an Emerson before his hair is white. And Heidenreich, another wind-jammer, who will be a soloist in Sousa's Band some day. And of the fiddlers from "St. Waast," here they come: Burrhus, Weser, Payne, Oppenheimer, Mattern, Shappirio, Krieg, Seibold and Phillips. We expect great things from such an array of talent. Among the old faces, there are Edwards, the only senior, a captain of the cadets, a football player, of fine physical proportions, and a good all-round fellow; Hough and McCarthy, the ones who held the second violin part down without standing on it; Stein, who is a promising first violinist; Cheney, who tries to swallow his horn every time he moves the slide, and who is going to make his mark as a trombonist; Mr. Whitbeck, who fondles the 'cello as though it were his best girl, and lastly, our big director. He inspires us all with his enthusiasm. Our school is fortunate in having a man of his ability with us, and be it said to his credit, he has kept together the only suc-

cessful high school orchestra of any of the schools. His enthusiasm knows no bounds. At rehearsals, when he tells the boys "Con sordino," they begin to think of something good to eat, until they are rudely awakened with the explanation, "it means with mutes," and his whistling—well, it has to be heard to be appreciated. Here's success to our "Tech" Orchestra and its director!

The following is a complete roster of the orchestra:

Director—George W. Sunderland.

Violins—Edwards, Burrhus, Stein, Shappirio, Phillips, Oppenheimer, Hough, McCarthy, Weser, Mattern, Seibold, Krieg and Payne.

'Cello—H. S. Whitbeck.

Cornets—H. B. White and Heidenreich.

Trombone—Frank Cheney.

Piano—Hattie B. Middleton.

Mr. Graham in B3 Chemical recitation was playing with a curtain string, when the curtain flew up with a rattle.

Mr. Mattern (turning around with a smile)—"Behold, I will now quote from Poe, a great classic:

"'A child by nature's law, is pleased by a rattle and tickled by a straw.'"





As this is only the first issue of our paper, we have received but a small number of exchanges, which are, on the whole, very good. Among those received are "The Orange and Black," Milton High School, Milton, Pa.; "The Tooter," South Omaha High School, South Omaha, Nebr.; "The Minute," Norwalk High School, Norwalk, Conn.; "The Oracle," Edward Little High School, Ambour, Maine; "The Shucis," Schenectady High School, Schenectady, N. Y.; "The University Hatchett," George Washington University, Washington, D. C.

Undoubtedly the colors on the cover of "The Orange and Black" suggest the name of the paper, but why not have a design on the cover sheet to relieve the eye? The inside cannot be called unattractive, for a good heart is not always clothed in beauty. The stories in your paper are very good and the paper is well gotten up, but where are your jokes, Milton High School? Are your pupils all too serious to see a joke?

"Tooter," your stories are good, but you seem to be devoid of the humorous element. Get it from outsiders if you can't get it from the school. It will liven up your paper.

"The Minute" has just begun its second year's growth. Give it a couple more years and it will be up with the best. Get some notes from your classes, "Minute."

"University Hatchet," you have a good weekly paper, but you could improve it by more emphasis on the literary and humorous side and less on the athletic. People will tire of reading the praises of your football team, although you have a good one.

"The Shucis" is a nicely gotten-up paper. Its jokes and stories make entertaining reading matter.

"The Oracle" has an abundance of very clever stories and jokes.

He (telling the benefits derived at High School)—“When I first came to this school I was raw.”

She—“Well, you ought not to be now, after all the times you have been roasted.”

“They say that monkeys talk,” he said,
“Do you believe it’s true?”

She answered with a tired smile,
“Why yes, of course, don’t you?”

“What you say goes,” he sadly said,
With eyes and heart aflame.

She glanced at the clock and turned her head,
Then softly whispered his name.

Physician (with ear to patient’s chest)—“There’s a curious swelling over the region of the heart, sir, which must be reduced at once.”

Patient (anxiously)—“That swelling is my pocketbook, doctor. Please don’t reduce it too much.”

“I had to be away from home yesterday,” said Tommy.

“You must bring an excuse,” said the teacher.

“Who from?”

“Your father.”

“He ain’t no good at makin’ excuses. Ma catches him every time.”

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Girlibus likibus,
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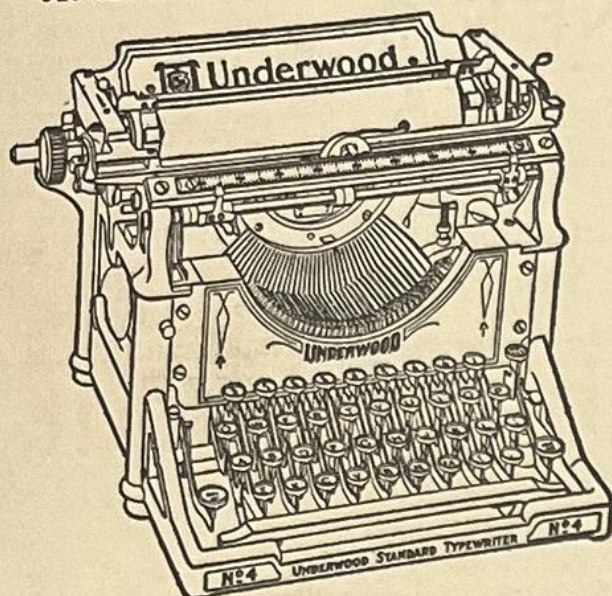
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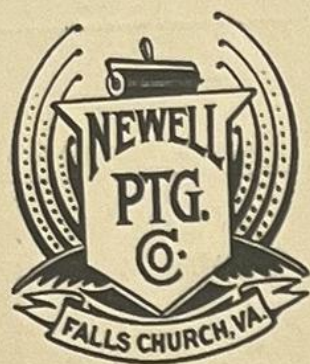
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